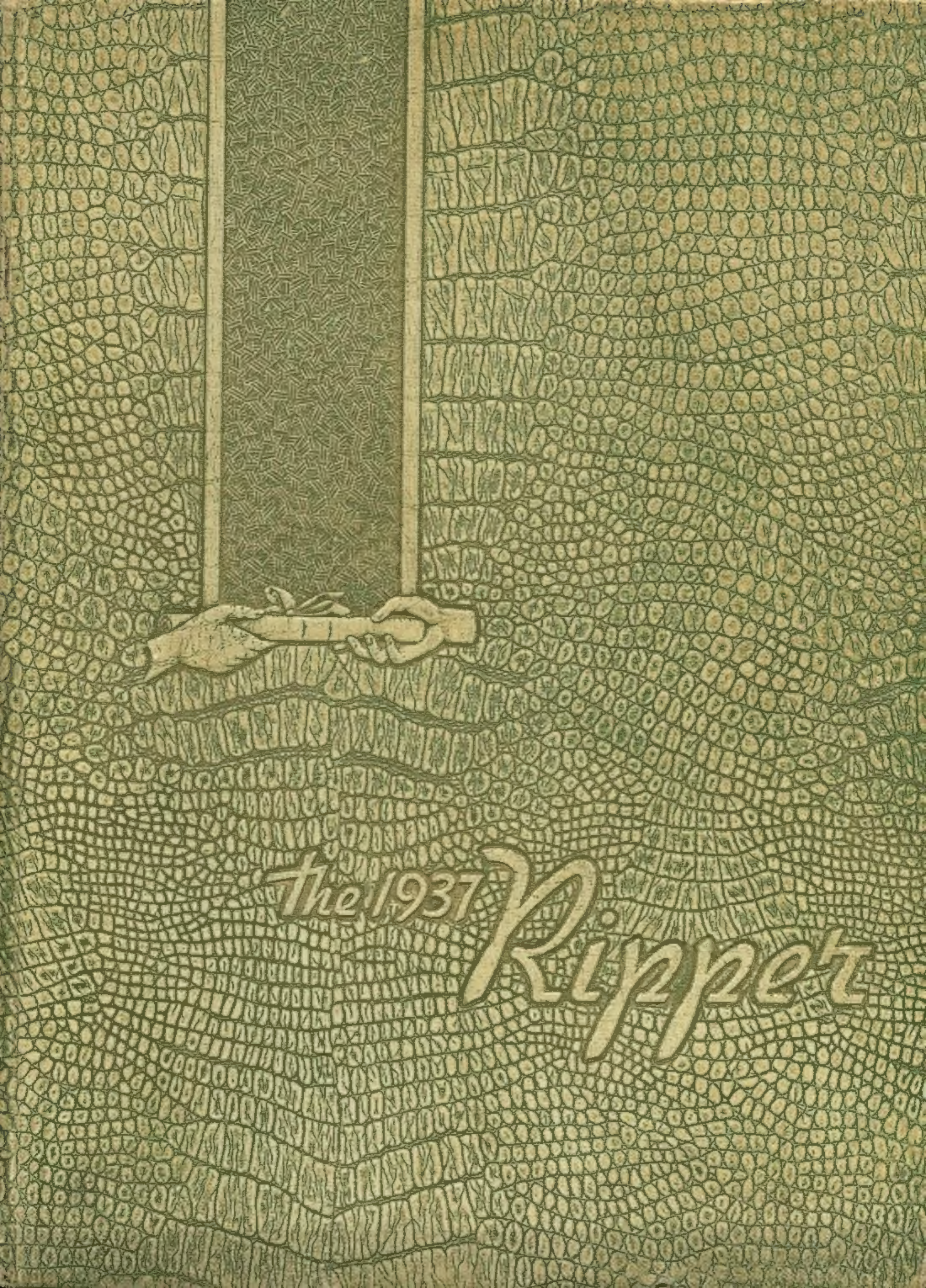

the 1937 Kippet

Dorothy June Fleischmann (owner)

Tons of love and good wishes
Eunice Frichel
(Nicka-oochi)

Lots of happiness
Dorothy Mjoseth

Best of luck
Gertrude Rengeling

Ducks in the barnyard quack! quack!
quack!
Dorothy I picked you lucky!
Ha! Ha!
Barb.

Success to a musician
Norman Nyeake

Oodles and oodles of luck
Claudia Mattes

"Loads of Luck"
"32"
Marcella Koenig

Remember me in English
Lorraine Rose.

Best of luck and happiness
Eleanor Wahl

"May your future be full of success and happiness"
A hometown friend
Lorraine Schleiger

"Best wishes always"
Marcella Kepp

Wish you luck with your cello playing the same next year you come to room 10 and see me.
Ruth Kenke

Best wishes to Clay
Mildred Jaenes

Happy trails
Corrine Hanson

Your cello classmate
Rosemarie Lozanyska
Best wishes
Elizabeth Burbey

Lots of luck
and happiness
Charlotte Kirch

Best wishes
and Good Luck.
Esther

Best of wishes
Dorothea
Schuch

Dear Dorothy:
Remember me
as a classmate
in Mod. Hist
Lucille Baxter

Best of Luck
with Dolly the relatives
Always!
Phoebe '37

Dear Dorothy,
Best Wishes in all
things you do.
Gladys Abramowski

Best wishes
Bernice Bahlke

2:25 Practise
Joan
Bux Tow

I almost thought
you weren't going to
ask me to write in
your album. Should
been asked. Alice Schicke

Lucille
Hardie
Ward

Remember Room 8
In '37
Elaine Brown

Good Luck, Dorothy
a ~~pal~~ Pal
Alvina Makowsky

Best wishes
Lucille Hardie

Doodles and oodles of luck
and success to you
In Vergne Meredith

Remember me
Dorothy Mullins

The 1937 Rippet

• Published by the Senior Class

GIRLS' TRADE and TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Staff

EMILY MISHUN, Editor

FORMA SEEFELDT, Asso. Editor

BERNADETTE LATUS, Bus. Mgr.

Foreword

Hands that work — —

This thought and the fact that handicraft is of primal importance in our school, influenced us in the selection of handicraft as the theme of our 1937 Ripper.

There was a time when a single pair of well-trained hands made the worker almost self-sustaining. The pioneer built his house, raised or trapped his food, and prepared the skins of animals, or wove the cloth for his clothes. There are still today hands that work, and in their skill and activity, they contribute to the welfare of our nation.

It is the sincere hope of the staff that, as you turn the pages of this book, you too, may be inspired by the beauty of hands that do their work well—skillful hands —sensitive hands—helpful hands—

Hands that work — —

"Think that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done!"

Ella L. Babcock.

Dedicated

TO MISS BABCOCK whose tender sympathy and gentle understanding will forever live in the memory of our hearts, we, the class of 1937 affectionately dedicate this book

Picturing and Describing

Book one . . . . . Faculty

Book two . . . . . Classes

Book three . . Home Rooms

Book four . . . . . Seniors

Book five . . . . . Activities

Book six . . . . . Literature

NEW ENTRANCE

SHADY CORNER

OLD ENTRANCE

Faculty

MISS [illegible]

For all who seek to guide young hearts—
To train young lives for useful parts,
We give Thee thanks.
For high resolve and noble thought,
For wholesome lessons wisely taught,
We give Thee thanks.

Passed away after one week's illness June 3, 1937.

"For patient work done day by day,
For teaching skill which smoothes the way,
We give Thee thanks.
For self-denying lives that place
The mark of shame on motives base,
We give Thee thanks."

MISS DYSART, Vice-Principal

Emma H Beverung

MISS ALEXANDER
Clothing

MISS BLEWSAND
Sto

MISS BEVERUNG
Clothing

MISS BROWN
Homemaking

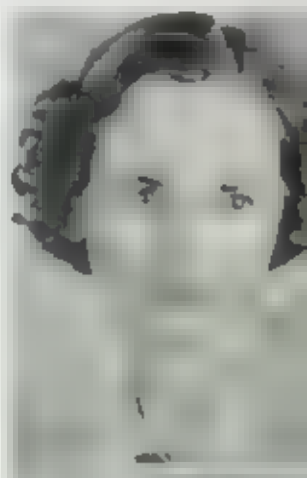
I know so
You will travel —
Good luck!
Mary Bertness

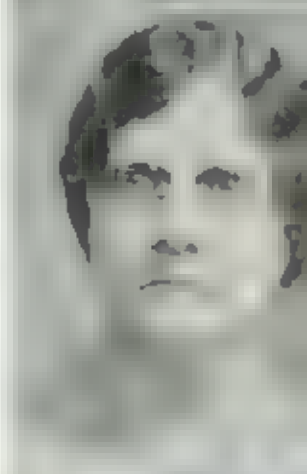
"For all who teach the way of peace
When bitter strife and wars shall cease
We give Thee thanks.'

ULLOCK
thing

MH

MHS I
ing





MISS FLEMING
Arithmetic

For all that great and mighty band
Which teaches love for native land
We give Thee Thanks.

GREEN

Margaret
(2) year

Music

MISS B
French

'For Education's holy flame—
For all who bear the Teacher's name
We give Thee thanks.'

STEHLIN G

TIERNAN

THE MAIN OFFICE

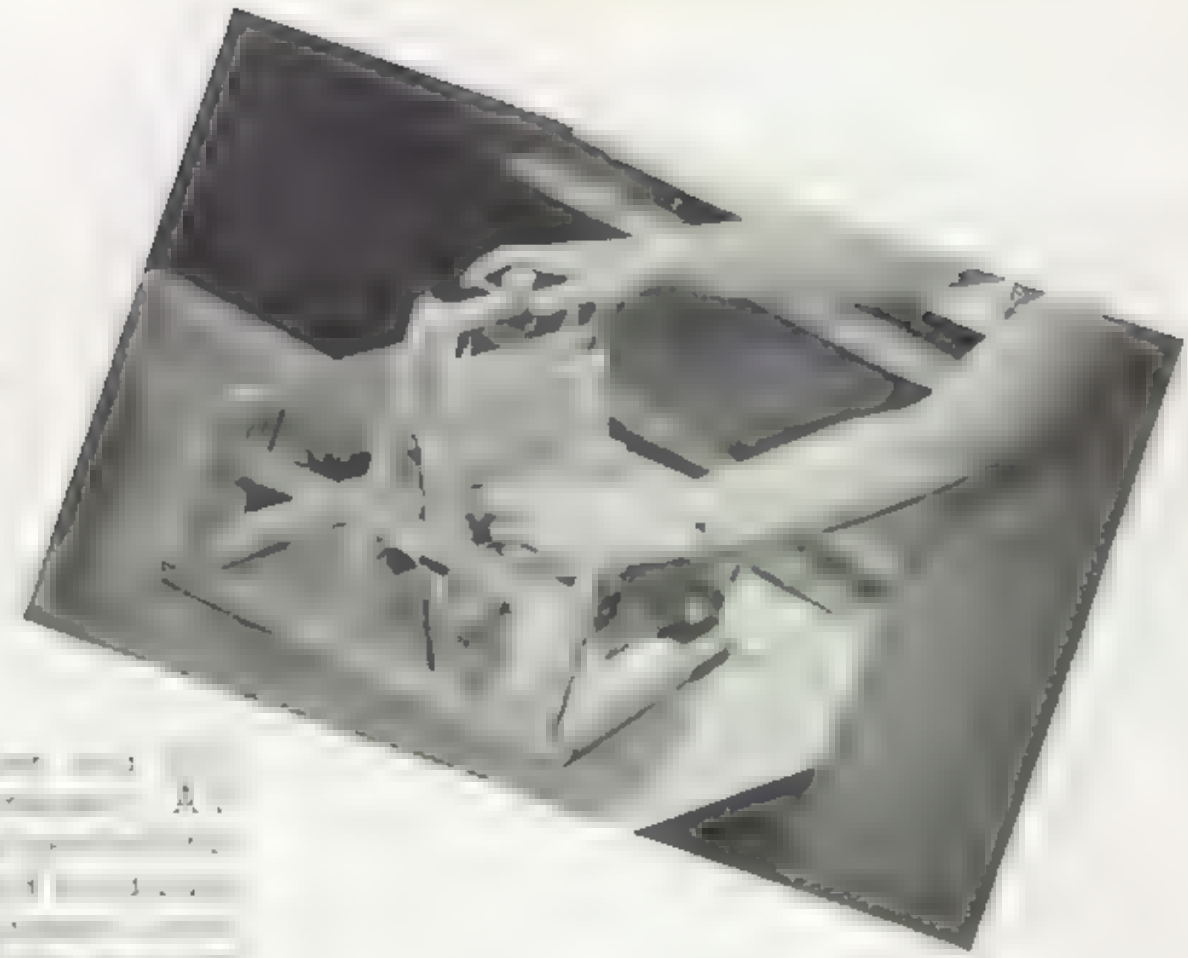
THE NEW LIBRARY

Classes

Ripper Fashion Book

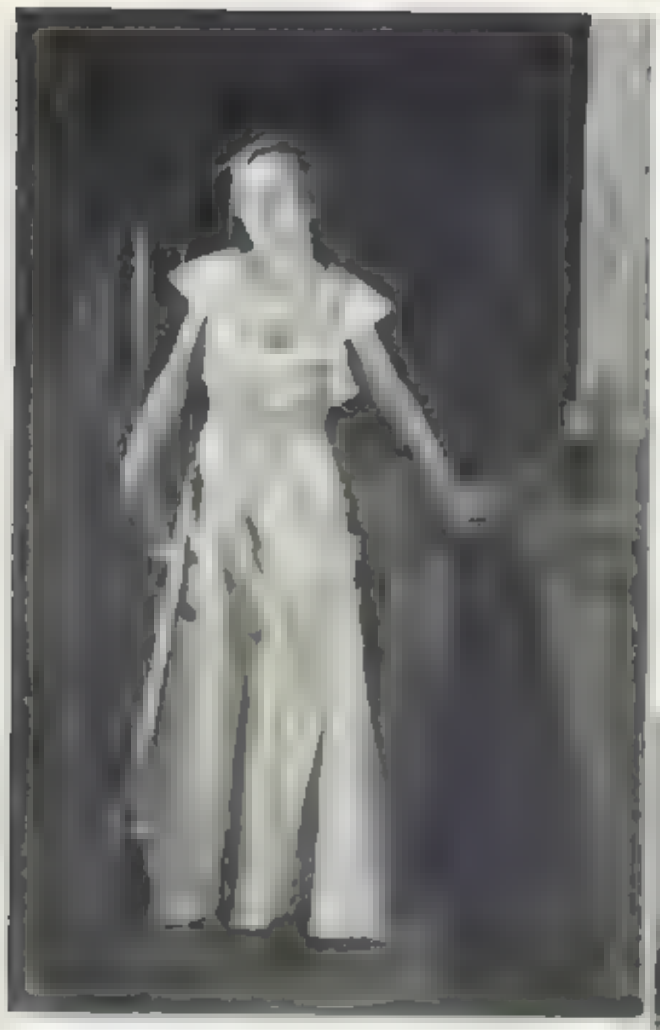
S [illegible] Ripper, [illegible] their distinctive [illegible] ions of the 1937 vogue.

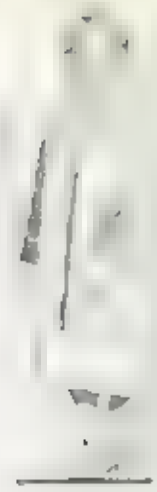
[illegible] who wishes the smarte[illegible] robe not only for herself but a[illegible] younger brother and [illegible] f fashion is run [illegible] for the kidd[illegible] evening gowns for the [illegible] of fashion. Each gar[illegible] [illegible] tinctive, [illegible] ophistication [illegible] are shown on the following pages started with a simple prob[illegible] ly difficult: pajamas, slips, [illegible] silk and fancy dresses [illegible] was a graduation are[illegible] native, skill, and d[illegible] ity. Thu[illegible] girl [illegible] capable [illegible] her own [illegible]



In trades clothi
culty of the prob
vanced silk and woolen
light linings, children
and coats ar
pleted. In th
right figures, and the exact
needed for that "perfectly g
ance. After the garments are
appropriate accessories are discu
lessons are given in em
and fagoting; exquisite wor
result. Weaving, which is
also an interesting hobby for
leisure time. On completing
sides skillfully making he
a trade's girl should
a smart dre

What m
the ears of any
clever: she make
becoming extre
spend much n





Home Making

HOMEMAKING, which is [illegible] an art, prepares [illegible] homemakers and mothers, the most [illegible] tant of all occupations. It is excellent [illegible] ing for those who wish to become nurses or enter a domestic position. It includes the balancing of a diet, the scientific preparation and the attractive serving of food and the care of infants and the sick

The fundamentals of menu [illegible] recipes, simple breakfast dishes, and [illegible] table setting are studied in Homemaking I. As the main project, a breakfast is prepared by the entire class.

[illegible] Homemaking II girls [illegible] become acquainted with all the modern electrical cooking appliances and with the preparation of food [illegible] large quantities. Because of the [illegible] sibilities, clear thinking [illegible] developed in every girl

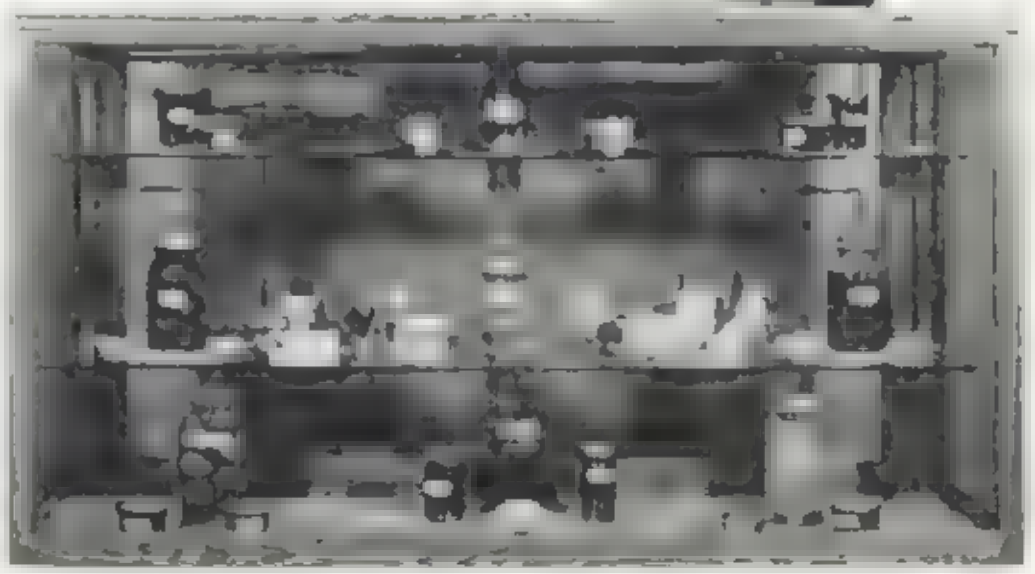
[illegible] apartment [illegible] which is one of our [illegible] beautiful [illegible] consists of five [illegible] furnished [illegible] an attractively [illegible] table living [illegible] Homemaking III girl and her part [illegible] tunity of planning preparing, and [illegible] ng an entire luncheon to some members of the faculty whom they select as their guests. After each luncheon, [illegible] the luncheon

This semester an interesting project was introduced, the managing [illegible] tea-room

day [illegible] luncheon [illegible] two [illegible] two [illegible] The [illegible] from the [illegible] from [illegible] linens and [illegible] tea-room [illegible] work teaches the [illegible] budgeting [illegible] ing activity [illegible] department [illegible] year due to the [illegible] serve the [illegible] served for two [illegible]

Dr. H [illegible] knight the care of the sick woman provides the [illegible] and poise the [illegible] lerent types [illegible] symptoms [illegible] Art [illegible] fant and [illegible] course [illegible]

The girls value these courses highly because they make them real homemakers



A [illegible]

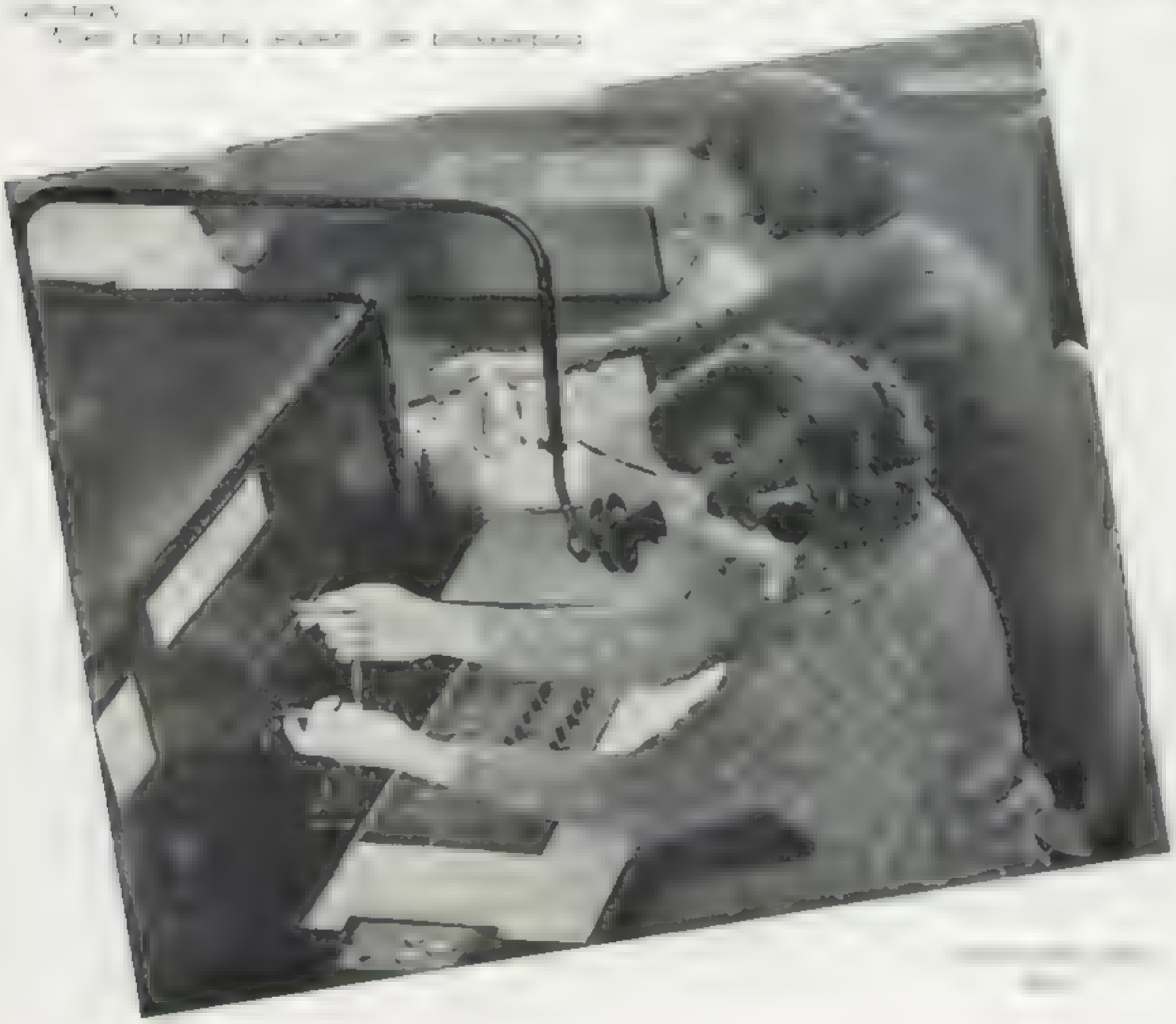
A [illegible]

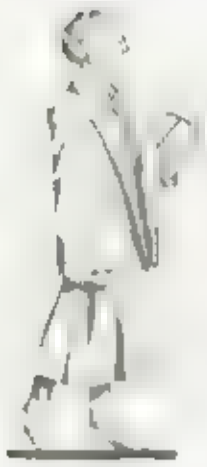

ROSE ARBOR TEA ROOM
THE PURPLE TEA SHOP

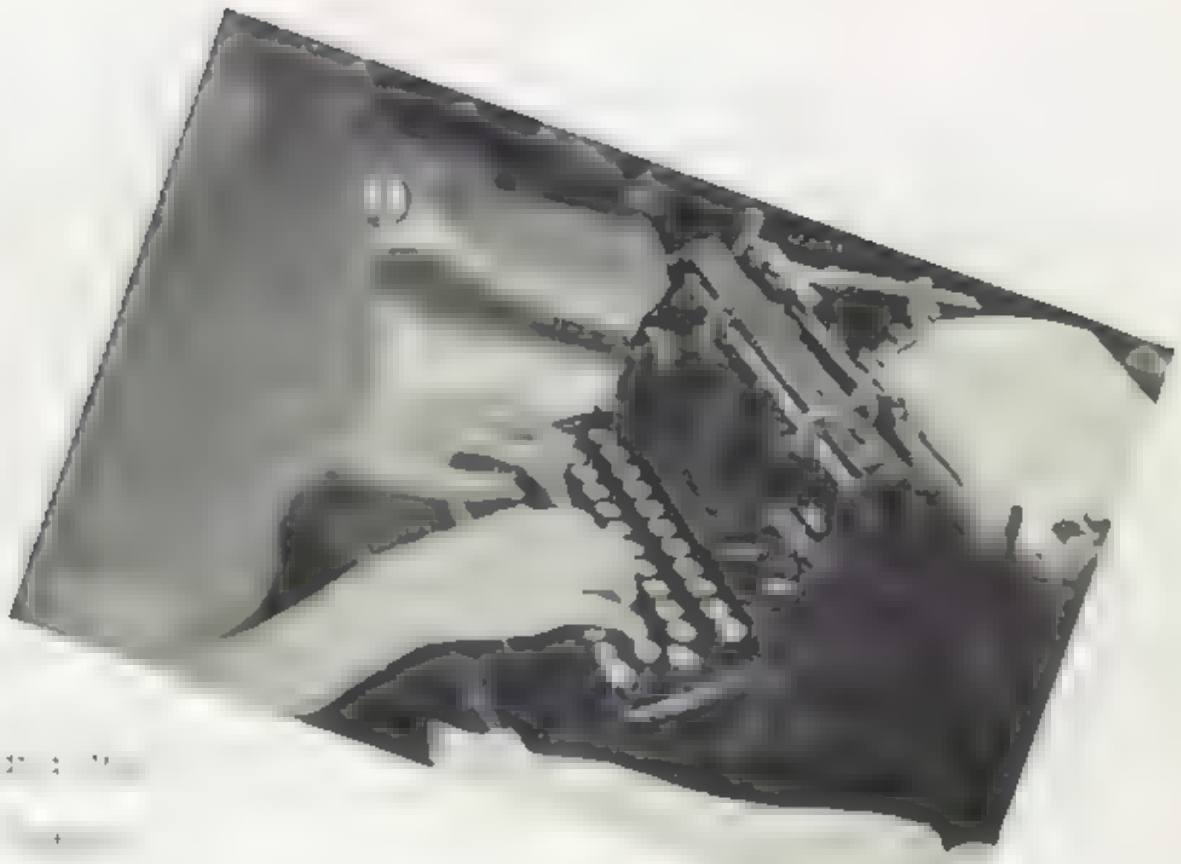
Commercial Department

T[illegible] tion: it prepa[illegible] that will make [illegible] pendent. Equipped wi[illegible] they may fill positions as [illegible] bookkeepers, stenographers [illegible] secretaries, and general office workers. Even though these occupations are not entered the training [illegible] valuable beca[illegible]

[illegible] which includes [illegible] the mimeo[illegible] work, is en[illegible] ffice practic[illegible] y are sought when adding, multiplying, subtracting, and dividing on the comptometers in the laboratory cl[illegible] o. The girls who [illegible] because of the [illegible] the oppor[illegible] s work in [illegible] forward to hear [illegible] rys enjoyable [illegible] ll members of [illegible] appearance of the sale[illegible] veness of the sales







and an imp [illegible]
sonality [illegible]

Physical Education

GRACE, health [illegible] sportsmanship [illegible] through physical [illegible]

One of the reasons gym [illegible] is [illegible] that the girls often [illegible]

Tumbling and mat work [illegible] is jumping on [illegible] and then jump

ing off without holding on. Some of the more difficult exercises are side vaulting, squat vaulting, and face vaulting. Oh! but, "to fly through the air with the greatest of ease," is the ambition of all. To be graceful on the mat is essentially a matter of rhythm. Girls who become proficient on the parallel bars develop strength and grace. All of this body building is safe, for a mat is always b[illegible] someone does tumble. Af[illegible] gone through all of these ac[illegible] after sliding to first base [illegible]

The Athletic A[illegible] all may belong. Here under the supervis[illegible] managers, the girls have the opportunity to continue the sports they started in their regular gym classes. They form teams, name the[illegible] appropriately, and compete in tournam[illegible] against each other. The girls on a victorious class team proudly receive a sil[illegible] cup. Other girls who are outstanding in sports re[illegible] emblems. We all know they are good s[illegible] from hearing such remarks as, "Well, I had lots of fun playing on the team anyhow, and who knows, maybe we'll win next time." Not only do the girls enjoy these sports, but al[illegible] the many picnics, hikes, and pa[illegible] the Athletic Association holds

Any girl who has completed her [illegible] and who has become a member of the Athletic A[illegible]ciation develops a keen appreciation [illegible] healthful physical activ[illegible]

Music

"Music, the art to raise the soul above all earthly storms
All pain, all sorrow fades through song.

BESIDES uplifting the spirit [illegible]
the value of the finer th [illegible]
the different phases of mus [illegible]
[illegible] na, the art [illegible]
[illegible] such as the [illegible]
w [illegible] lied form [illegible]
the sonata, and the [illegible]
oratorio and opera [illegible]
played to enable th [illegible]
good musi

The band is frequently s [illegible]
with their purple [illegible]
here in the audit [illegible]
tion a girl mus [illegible]
of State T [illegible]

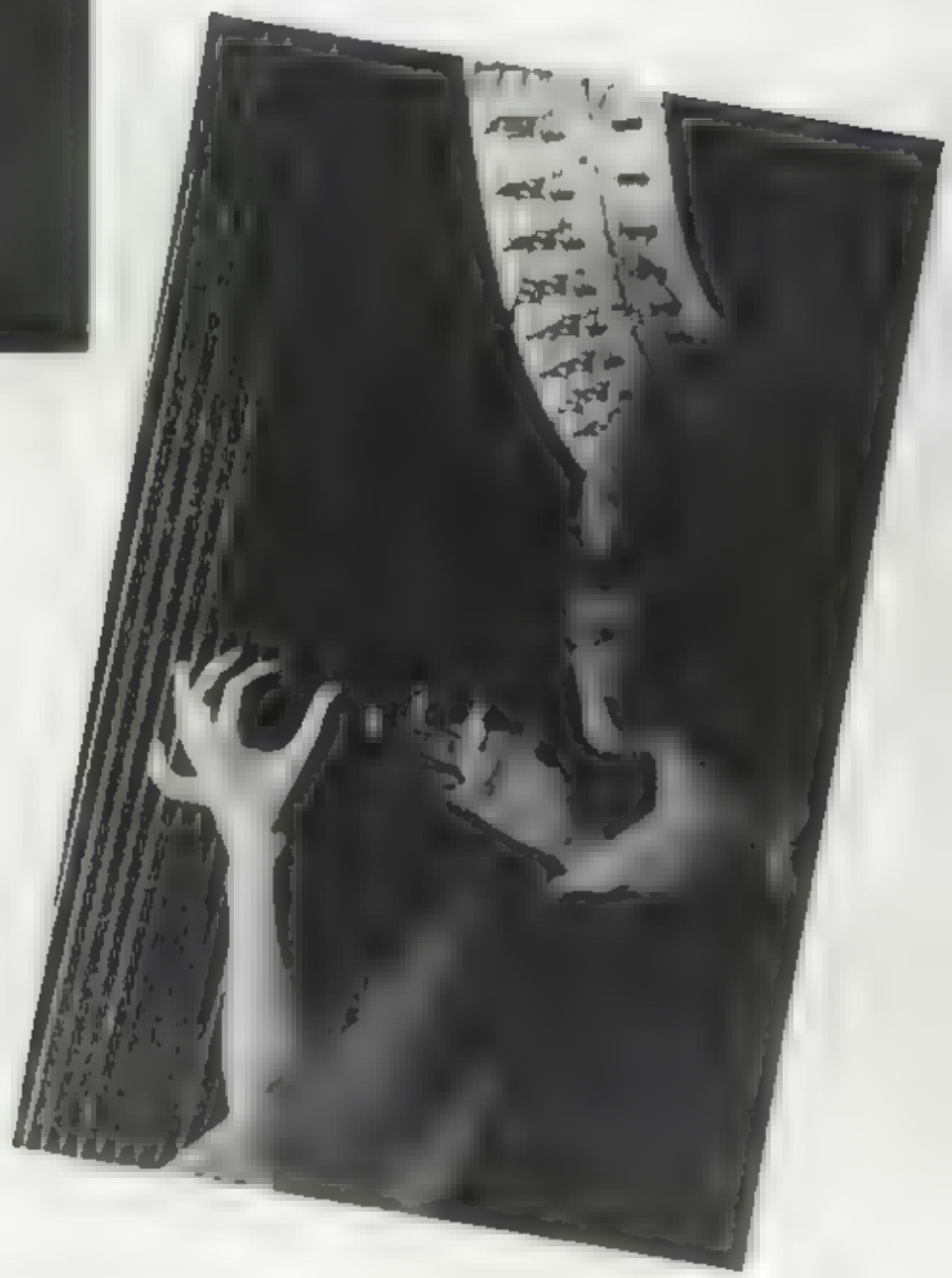
A formal concerts, the senior p [illegible]
mem[illegible] of the orchestra may be [illegible]

gowns. A girl must have at least one semester of lessons before she can enter the junior orchestra. If [illegible] ability to play the m[illegible] a member of the s[illegible]

In the afternoon, [illegible] echo with the singing of th[illegible] One of these choruses is a [illegible] group, and the other two [illegible] the advanced chorus. Our [illegible] for years as the Stillman-K[illegible] now called the A[illegible] name is changed, but the sin[illegible]ng remains the same. Th[illegible]s have been frequently heard in as[illegible]

[illegible] and the bienn al Music F[illegible] [illegible] heart-stirring concert [illegible] sic department hidden [illegible] vered and developed in [illegible] g with a chorus [illegible] m orchestra or band brings [illegible] py leisure hours and pleasant [illegible] experience that [illegible] a profes[illegible] tural value of singing, playing [illegible] the best music is great; it is [illegible] for the best that brin[illegible]

The members of the Senior



Art

"And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten league canvas with brushes of comet's hair."

SUCH is Kipling's idea of [illegible] occupatio[illegible] Earth's Last Pi[illegible]ture is Painte[illegible] the art girls sit in are not golden nor do they splash on the colors; but, nevertheless they are happy in striving for arti[illegible] and self-expression. They realize the t[illegible] aims in the study of art: the preparation for their vocation, if they are commercial art girls; the free expression of their ar[illegible] natures; and the development of skills which will fill many leisure hours as worthy hobbies

The commercial art girls enjoyed the interesting project of painting the art room with patterns of Scandinavian influence. [illegible] a red wave around the edge [illegible] ed in the conventionalized [illegible] covering the doors. A simple triangular pattern fitted well on the various posts in the art studio. A red scallop design gave [illegible]lor to the blackboard and bulletin board.

A new type of work also introduced to the girls was stylizing. Free-hand drawings were sketched from real life; then they were repainted in contrasting colors to show light and shadow. The students also painted entire figures and still life objects in this manner. The figure drawing of the models in swimming suits helped to develop better technique for the figure drawing for the many clever posters of the senior play.

k Binding

st summer
girls in the Jap
She showed the art
d and the posi-
while painting
to paint or
paint
ush in
very fine
movement of
ing line. On
tore applying
olors are very
mpleted with

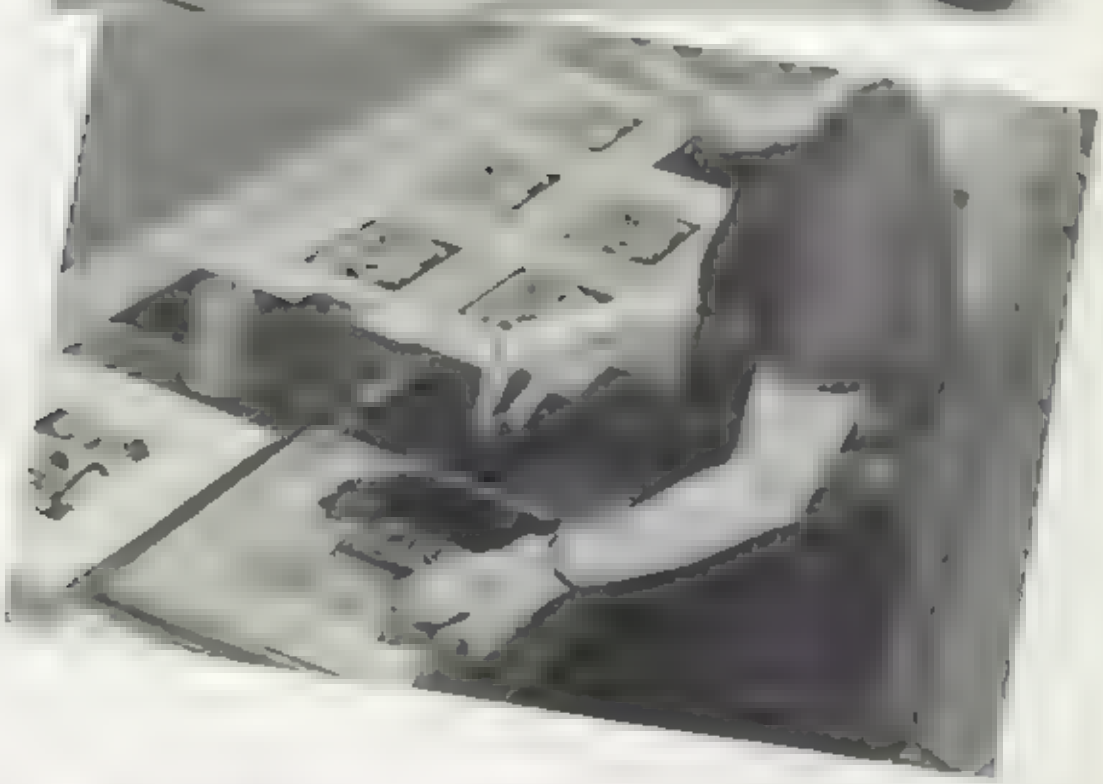
nventional
nto fantast

watch a form
thrilling. This
ccessful in
beautifully
and figur
r thanks to the
ttery

Dress designing is fascinating to the girls
ality can be
and design of cloth

plans and archi
ament and de-
arrangement and
future artistic home

rls how they enjoyed
rafts, they enthusias-
're great!



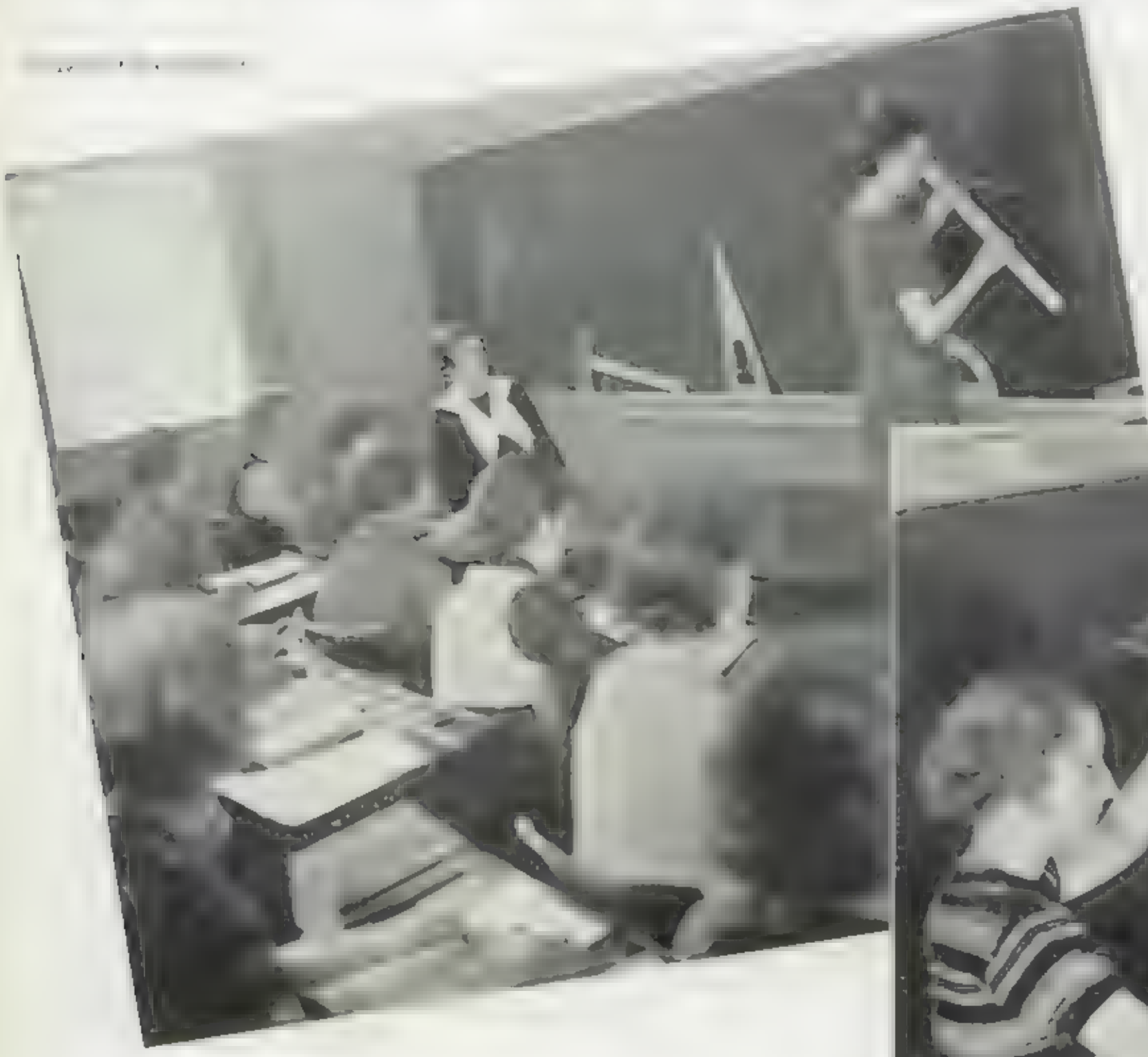
Mathematics

THE [illegible] netry [illegible] depths [illegible] standing [illegible] ematicians [illegible] for measuring the [illegible] widths of streets; these measurements are [illegible] transit made by a student.

[illegible] tory [illegible] designs [illegible]

[illegible] the bulletin [illegible] ratios. Skill in [illegible] ratios and [illegible] cloth corre [illegible] right-angled tri [illegible]

[illegible] algebra. One is the interpretation and drawing of ara[illegible] international scientific language, business math [illegible] because it [illegible] and the [illegible] nature and [illegible]



Social Sciences

HISTORY is a record not only of the past, but also of the present; it is now in the making. The coronation of the King of England, the attempted reorganization of the supreme court, and the new government projects are already historical events. Up-to-date information which keeps the students alertly abreast of the time is obtained from current magazines. The construction of maps graphs, and charts gives students a mental picture of the geographical relations of one nation to another.

The four divisions of history are ancient, mediaeval, United States, and modern European. Ancient history extends from primitive man to the fall of the Roman Empire, mediaeval to the time of Queen Elizabeth, and modern European to the present day. United States history is of the greatest importance to Americans because it makes law-abiding citizens with a sense of patriotism, loyalty, and integrity. By understanding the past, they are better able to solve their present problems, and to interpret the future

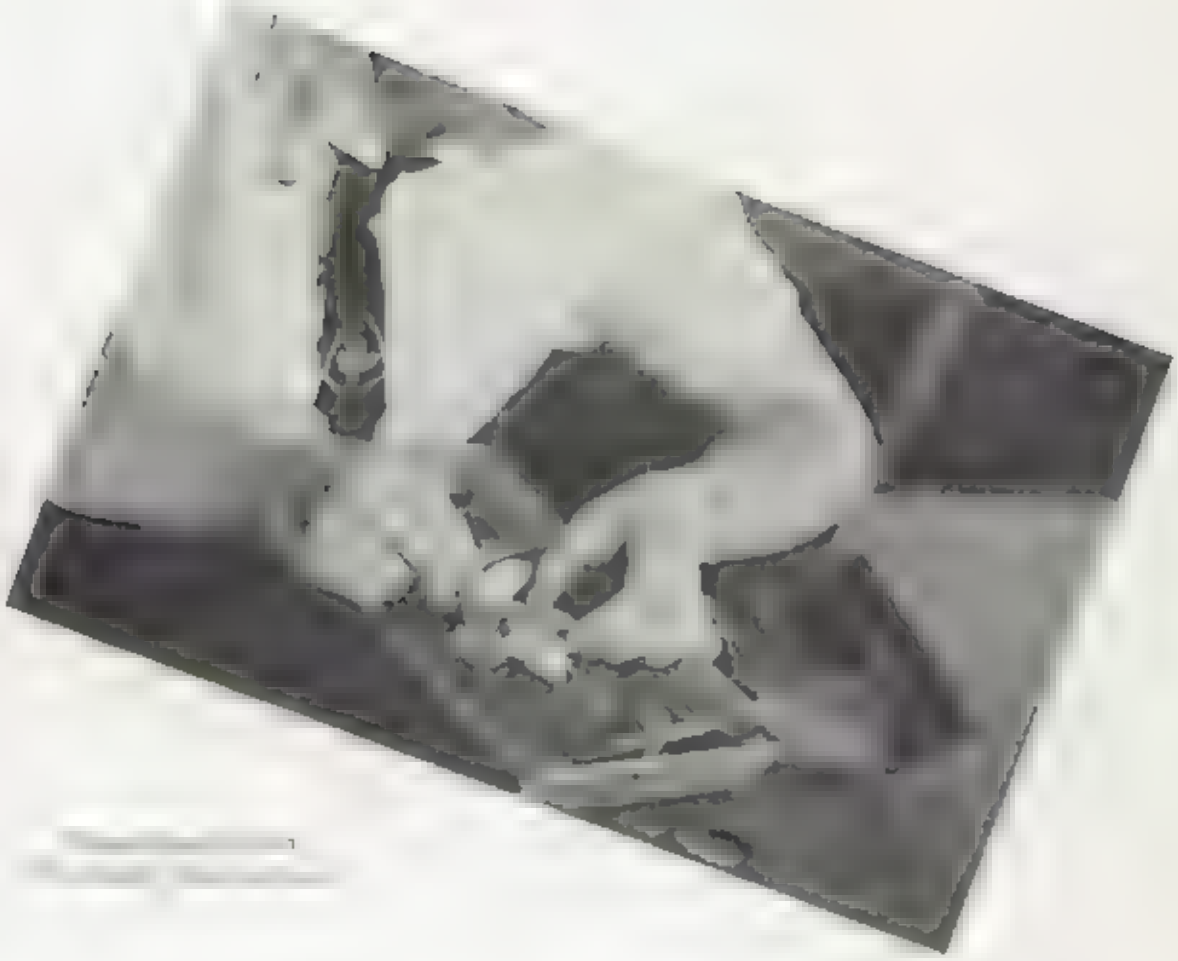
Civics, which is a survey of governmental framework and functions, familiarizes the students with the working of their city, state, and national governments.

Sociology deals with the place of people in society; it considers such topics as public health, poverty, war, crime, and immigration

Economics explains the fundamental processes of production, distribution, exchange, and consumption; it considers such problems as wealth and income, nationalism, and international trade

Future citizens and voters

Science



which occurs wh[illegible] the body enab[illegible] think.

In the study of physics we [illegible] swer how and why [illegible] Only when we [illegible] surroundings [illegible]

Languages

BOTH French and Ger[illegible]an ha[illegible] as we[illegible] as a cultural side. Girls who en[illegible] nursing [illegible]ing, office work, and the profes sions will find that the knowledge of a foreign language is invaluable. German, especially is of value in occupations in "deutsche" Mil waukee

To visit Marseilles, Pa[illegible] Spring, Ber lin, or Old Vienna has been the dream of many young girls. To the fortunate ones to wh[illegible] this may become a reality, the ability to speak French or German will be inestimable. Though these countries are visited only in dreams these girls are able to recognize the many French and German quotations in English literature, and the history and geography of these countries become more real to them. The abil[illegible]ty to read a Frenc[illegible] a great [illegible]

[illegible] is a vast wealth of literature open only [illegible] who understand French and German [illegible] world-famous authors, such as Victor [illegible] Maurois Goethe, and Schiller are more [illegible] preciated if their works are read in [illegible]

[illegible] es to heighten the ap preciation of its members for German literature and music. This is done by group singing, discussions, musicals, and correspondence with students in Germany. Girls in French classes also enjoy writing to young people in France The German Club meetings are held the third Monday of every month. Social activities, such as the annual Christmas and Easter parties, [illegible]

English

"Dreams, books are each a world, and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood.
Our pastime and happiness will grow."

THE GIRLS in the English cla[illegible] this to be true—that m[illegible]y world[illegible] are to be found in books. Many are the adventures that may be experienced in them, many are the far-away plac[illegible] and many are the [illegible] known. With the world of books in the libraries, [illegible] realize the worth of [illegible] that many of them ha[illegible]

Every literary type [illegible] times in the English [illegible] short story, [illegible] poetry, and dr[illegible] The development of the English language and literature from the time of the Anglo-Saxons to the present day is [illegible]

The girls th[illegible] [illegible] the authors of articles [illegible] the Technata most certainly do. [illegible] probably are looking forward to [illegible] at least to keeping very in [illegible] practical application [illegible] letter writing [illegible] speech is an important [illegible] Clear, natural, pleasant [illegible] When facing a class in [illegible] girls feel far different from [illegible] who tremblingly gave [illegible] group is necessary in [illegible]; it develops self-confi[illegible] girls who are especially [illegible] the Dramatic [illegible] their his-[illegible]

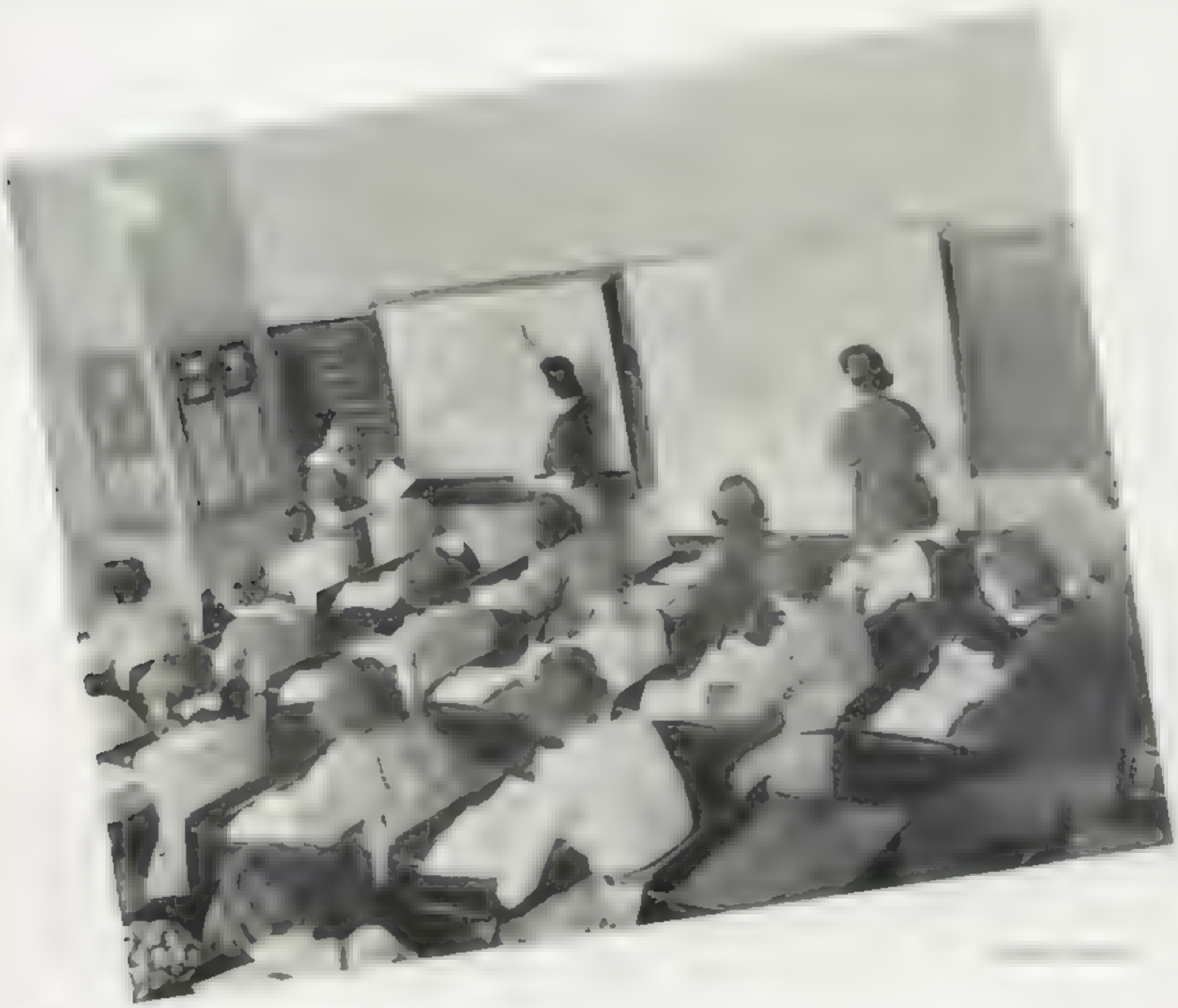
Listening to [illegible]

Geography

A GEOGRAPHY student's outlook is [illegible] world. The course tries to reveal the [illegible] dependence of countries upon each other [illegible] to teach tolerance for those who are diffe[illegible] from us

Is the enchanting island of Haw[illegible] cold barren country of Iceland y[illegible] land? Or do you prefer an adventur[illegible] try like mysterious Africa? But [illegible] enjoy ancient, tantalizing countri[illegible] India, Egypt, or Japan. That u[illegible] your fascinating land of d[illegible] while studying geograph[illegible]

Interesting facts, such a[illegible] the world, the leading crops produce[illegible] locations of mineral fields and mines, and the [illegible] important seaports and manu[illegible]nters, all help students in under[illegible] other subjects. The study of [illegible]cation of interesting place[illegible] they encounter in their every day reading. The [illegible]udents are shown their part in the work of the world. They realize that the modern structure [illegible]f industry and commerce depends on each [illegible]ing some part of the world's work [illegible] that each region supplies that which it is be[illegible] fitted to supply, and that the freest possibl[illegible] [illegible]ovement of goods must be provided for. They know which countries have favorable and which have unfavorable physical features and climate; they are glad to know that they, as inhabitants of the United States, are very for[illegible]unate



Home Rooms

Guidance

[illegible] must have [illegible] nd in a [illegible] ences with [illegible] nding of the [illegible] student [illegible]

HOMEROOM 12B
Mary Ambrogio, President

MISS FLEMING
Counselor

[illegible] is Kieckhefer, Ethel [illegible] Ruth Krenke, [illegible] Marjorie [illegible]

HOMEROOM 12B
Lulu Heniadis, President

MISS M. MEYER
Counselor

HOMEROOM 11A
Florence Beguhl, President

MISS ALEXANDER
Counselor

manski Florer Grace Pippet June Littrey Lorna Metzeta

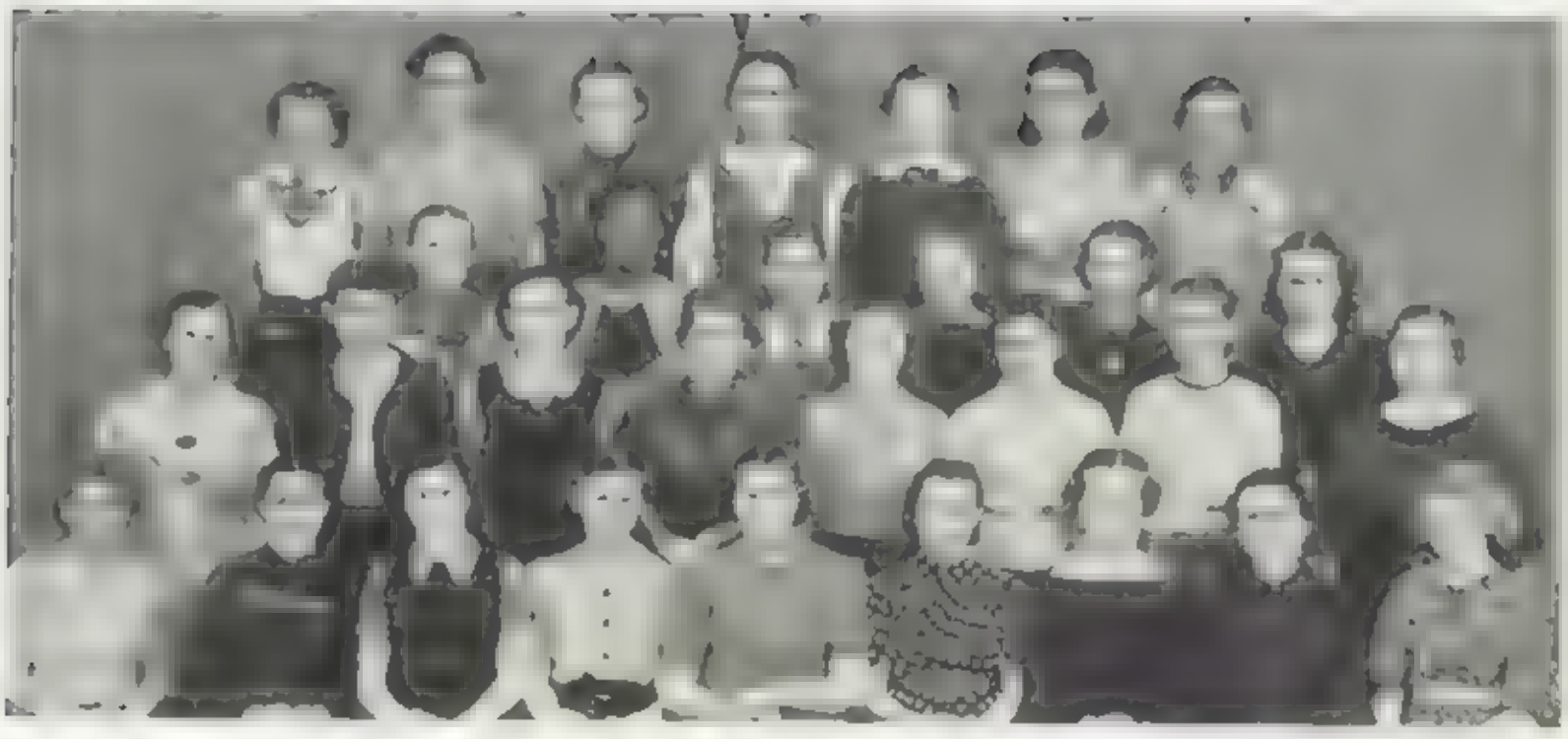
ki Luca Mae

HOMEROOM 11A
Lillian Olson, President

MISS BULLOCK
Counselor

HOMEROOM 11A
Gladys Kohls, President

MISS DEAN
Counselor



[illegible] wski, Joan Go[illegible]ewski, Luci le [illegible] Staudy, Santa Pic [illegible] LaVerne Holdmann [illegible] am, Esther Lindner [illegible]

HOMEROOM 11A
Maretta Gensz, President

MISS DRUML
Counselor

Row I—Maretta Gensz, Dorothy Busch, Ruth Brown, [illegible] Pelteier, Li[illegible]
Row II—Mi[illegible]ired [illegible]

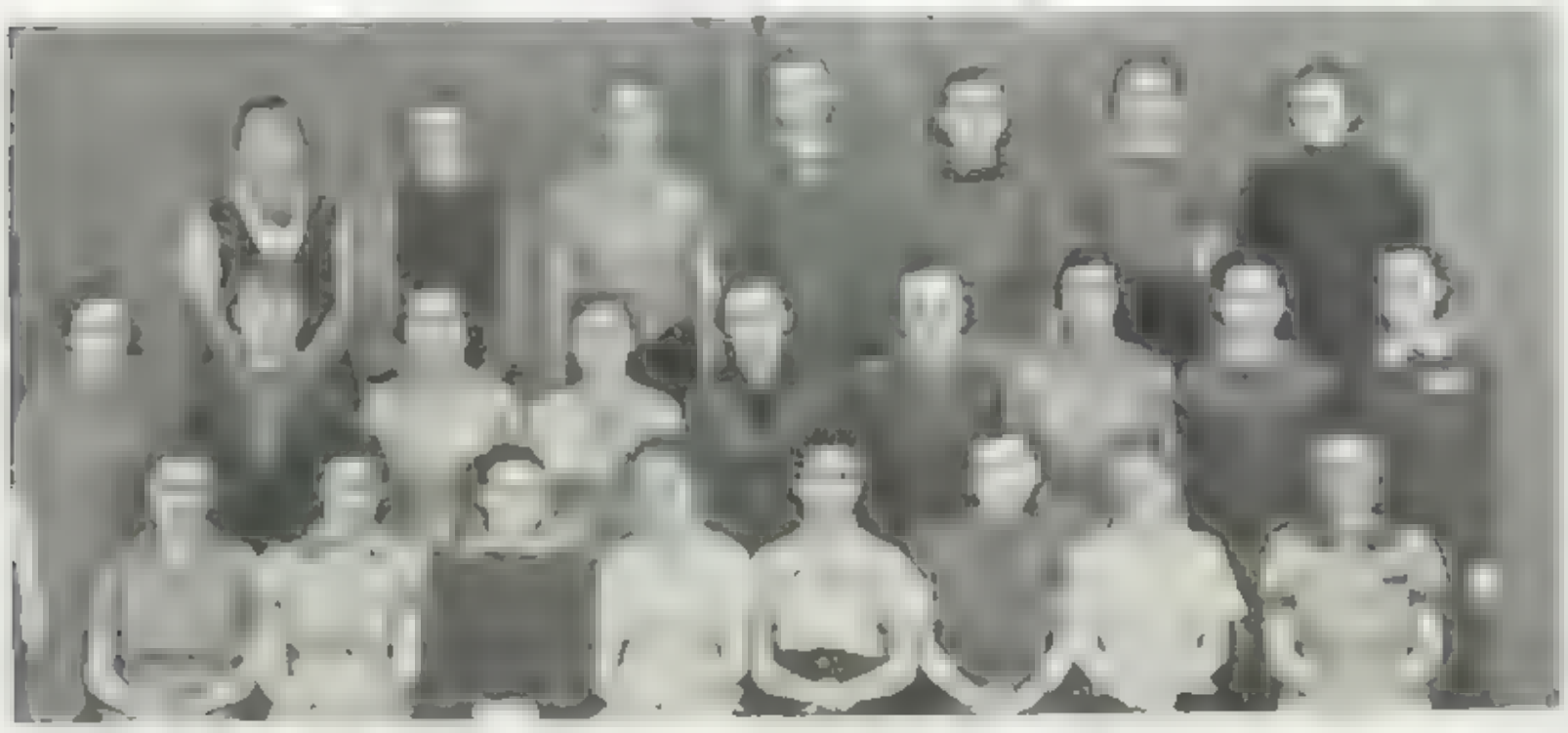
HOMEROOM 11A
Louise Fechner, President

MISS LYONS
Counselor

orraine Kuo Arline Gutzmer,
Bugta Grams, Cathe
Row II—Dorothy Eckmann, Caroline W t, Marian Haeffell, Grace Hoettle, Arline Holzfuss,
Row III—Evelyn Goebel Edith G e Grabe, Lucile Esser, Lillian Hoefs, Marie Geiselmann, Mildred Ertl, Doris

HOMEROOM 11A
Josephine Sanfilippo, President

MISS EHLERT
Counselor



w I—Dolores Reichert, Li ian War es N hwortfeger
Nitecka, Rosalyn Umer hum
chowski Barbara
t Ann Rosen
kranz, Janice Retzloff

HOMEROOM 11A
Teresa Magyera, President

MISS NEWTON
Counselor

Row I—Ruth Strutz [illegible] Thelma, Betty Stengel, Maree Kalyvas, Anna M. Amen, Helen Ruszkiewski, Dolores [illegible]

[illegible] Teresa Magyera, Helen Brown, Mary Jane Michaely, Josephine [illegible] Ethel Block

Row III—Geraldine Bufka, Josef[illegible] Marion Anello, Mabel Bauer, Elsie Brunsch, Maxine Anderson, Virginia Skoczek

HOMEROOM 11A
Jane Kiepert, President

MISS NOWELL
Counselor

Row I—Margaret Schacke, Otheda C[illegible]ndt, Nettie Malkowski, [illegible] Helen Hauke, Bernice Gilg, La Verne Marredeth, Betty J[illegible]

Row II—Margaret Nuesslein, Evelyn Schulteis, Caroline Niemann, [illegible] Mary Sasama, Marion Huebner, Mildred Powell

Row III—Jane Kiepert, Vera Marquardt, Dorothy Holzhauer, [illegible] Lucile Witczak, Mildred Szymanski, Rhea Warner

HOMEROOM 11A
Florence Newland, President

MISS O'BRIEN
Counselor

HOMEROOM 11A
Esther Rezell, President

MISS REESE
Counselor

Helen Benke, Mildred Kurtz, Mary

Mary Dowby, Constance Schneider, Elizabeth Drinka,

HOMEROOM 11B
Jeanette Hedtcke, President

Elizabeth Burkey

MISS BEVERUNG
Counselor

Row I—Dolores Wilker, Maybelle Bird, Dorothy Fleischmann, Helen Bub, Ruth Yeko, Dolores Bertagnolli, Charlotte Kirsch, Barbara Skenadore

Row II—Jean Koosch, Grace Holtslander, Claudia Masters, De[illegible]es Knauer, Elizabeth Burkey, Eleanore Walent, Lorraine Rose

Row III—Jeanette Hedtche, Constance Sagr, Esther [illegible]off, Eileen Hansburg, Virginia Fredricks

HOMEROOM 11B
Doris Witt, President

MISS GILL
Counselor

Row I—Veles Bigelow, Eugenia K[illegible] Louise Mi[illegible]et Lillian Winter

Row II—Eleanor Winders, Evelyn Wolski, Lorraine B[illegible] Adelaine Ricciardi Tonia Gardeles, Pearl Manth

Row III—Phyllis Denenny, D[illegible]is Witt, Irene Javorek, Mary Krambs, Sylvia Lesniak, Shirley Lee Bahmann Leona Bazelak

HOMEROOM 11B
Bernice Bundschuh, President

MISS LANGE
Counselor

Row I—Joyce Sandberg, Florence Braun, June Bogenberger, Dorothy Kneisl, Evelyn Kokta, Vivian Klemmer

Row II—Lucille Werderman, Loris Johnson, Mildred Schwartz, Emma Samson, Charlotte Breger, Celia Kendzierski, Gladys Abramowski

Row III—Gladys Roenspies, Corrine Hansen, Bernice Banike, Bernice Bundschuh, Irene Scheer, Catherine Klatnik

HOMEROOM 11B
Virginia Larson, President

MISS WEBB
Counselor

Row I—Mildred Jocham, Dorothy Rehberg, Virginia Larson, Lucille Griep, Audrey Boerger, Marjorie Neumann, Geraldine Edison.

[illegible] Martha Eland

[illegible]

HOMEROOM 11B
Marcella Koepp, President

MISS ZIERER
Counselor

Row I—Irene Teska, He[illegible] thy Anderson, Margaret Ban[illegible]m, Ruth Tetzlaff, D[illegible]

Row II—Char otte [illegible]ke, Lillian Schma[illegible] Charlotte Loesche, Marion Brunner Ruth Roenspies, Mary Matocha, Jean Lam[illegible] Anna Engl, Marce..a [illegible]

Row III—Irma Ravasz, Lupe Ranchez, Theresa [illegible] abel Luedke Doris Ledebur, Delphine Kosmoski, Oramay Mundt, Emily Zego, Christine Reidl, Edna Dum[illegible]

HOMEROOM 10A
Mathilda Schnagl, President

MISS BERTKE
Counselor

Row I—Caroline Wehausen, Wilma Wittner, Delores Kelber, Lucy Lorenz, Frances Hoppe, Anastasia Ehopul, Dorothy Kleczka.

Row [illegible] Elizabeth Koenigsberger.

Row III—Eva Schulz, Muriel Loose, Alma Fluellen, Anna Friedl, Mathilda Schnagl, Frances Caravello.

HOMEROOM 10A
Josephine Gumina, President

MISS COPP
Counselor

Row I—Margaret W[illegible]y Schmidt, Floretta Bugs, Lucille Pergande, Margaret Differt, Ruth Heinrichs, Ruth Mie[illegible]

Row II—Alfr[illegible] LaVerne [illegible] Albrecht, Marion Mart[illegible] Ruth Baer, Do[illegible]

Row III—Josephine Gumina, Pearl Torok, Ruth N[illegible] Trinks, Verena [illegible] Julia Rick, Pauline M[illegible]

HOMEROOM 10A
Eugenia Marciniak, President

MISS COSGRAVE
Counselor

HOMEROOM 10A
Dorothy Birk, President

MRS. L. DAVIS
Counselor

Row I—Emilie Lewandowski, Lucil [illegible] thy Barlow, Julia Botic, Opal Karras, [illegible] Demczak
Row II—Bernice Haeflinger, Fern Biegel, Rose Dworczyk, Lillian Baas, Erna Engel, Florence McCabe.
Row III—La June Kalt, Helen Pollak, Josephine Sternig, Dorothy Birk, Mildred Siegfried, Eleonore Bauer.

HOMEROOM 10A
Alice Kraus, President

MRS. N. DAVIS
Counselor

[illegible] Martyka, Dorothy Rakowski, June Parbs
Leona Markert, Barbara G[illegible]
Row II—Anna Plum, Mildred H[illegible] sch, Jane Polski, Catherine Schmitz, Ca[illegible] nde
Row III—Genevieve Kutka, Myra La Fond, Emily Bartos [illegible] lop, Joyce Murray
Carol Bickler, Mary Angeli, Lorraine Sch[illegible]

HOMEROOM 10A
Ann Fensel, President

MISS DICKINSON
Counselor

[illegible] raine Gresh[illegible] Clara Bauer
[illegible] Fensl Eli[illegible]
Row II—Dorothy Ann [illegible] Eleanor Leppert, [illegible]
[illegible] Juanita [illegible] hafer, G[illegible] Tews, Ruth Schultz
Dorothy Chrosto[illegible]ski Edit[illegible]

HOMEROOM 10A
Ethel Meixner, President

MISS HORTON
Counselor

Row I—Lydia Lang, [illegible]
Row II—Leola [illegible]
Row III—Lu[illegible] [illegible]xner, Marjorie Zarse, Mary Gincer, A[illegible]

HOMEROOM 10A
Cecelia Knapp, President

MISS KOOPMAN
Counselor

[illegible] Kruczynski, June Ohlenburg [illegible] ert, Janet Liedtke, Virginia [illegible] Dorothy Kelly, Margaret Reuter, [illegible]

HOMEROOM 10A
Erna Soschinske, President

MISS MACKENZIE
Counselor

[illegible]
Carson, Irene Ar[illegible]
Row III—Sophie Sibinski [illegible]
Lorraine Haasch, La Vern[illegible]

HOMEROOM 10A
Eileen Kaleya, President

MRS. OAKES
Counselor

[illegible] e, June [illegible] Kristian, Eileen [illegible] Rose Ivancich

HOMEROOM 10A
Genevieve Schramka, President

MISS PETERSIK
Counselor

[illegible] aroline S[illegible] [illegible] Fausta [illegible] a Ge[illegible] [illegible] wkirk, Martha S[illegible] [illegible] ski Kamila [illegible] vart, Dorothy Bykowski

HOMEROOM 10A
Dorothy Palubicki, President

MRS. TIERNAN
Counselor

[illegible] orothy Palu [illegible], Emily [illegible] Grace Lisinski, Dorothy Van [illegible]

HOMEROOM 10B
Elaine Lindbergh, Pres[illegible]

MISS GRANT
Counselor

[illegible]
Row II—Marion S[illegible]
Bryzinski, Elaine [illegible]
Row III—Mara[illegible]
Hannah Longne, [illegible]

HOMEROOM 10B
Charlotte Olszewski, President

MISS HESSNER
[illegible]

Row 1—Marion Elunason, Alice A[illegible] [illegible] Marthe[illegible]

[illegible] ed Razek 1
[illegible] Butrick
[illegible] Bosen
[illegible] Mar[illegible]

HOMEROOM 10B
Vivian Bethke, President

MISS NOBLE
Counselor

HOMEROOM 10B
Naomi Ramsey, President

MISS STEHLING
Counselor

[illegible] Beatrice [illegible] Radke, [illegible] Lilian [illegible] wanz

HOMEROOM 9A
Alma Krueger, President

MISS BURDICK
Counselor

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
vich, Ethel [illegible]
Row III—Gra[illegible]
Kourt Ruth Gusk[illegible]

HOMEROOM 9A
Ann Roth, President

MISS [illegible]COTT
[illegible]

HOMEROOM 9A
Frances Olobry, President

MISS GNATT
Counselor

HOMEROOM 9A
Esther Stelter, President

MISS GOETSCH
Counselor

[illegible] Bird Bernice Knak, Irene Jankowski
[illegible] ilian Zauner, Audry Grundman, Betty
[illegible] Mark
[illegible] Lubinski, Dorothy Philipp

HOMEROOM 9A
Elaine Knuth, President

MISS HAKER
Counselor

[illegible]

HOMEROOM 9A
Theresa Wall, President

MISS KRAUSE
Counselor

HOMEROOM 9A
Florence Scharkowski, President

MISS McCARTHY
Counselor

Row III—Margaret [illegible] Lohman, Patricia [illegible]

HOMEROOM 9A
Clara Siegel, President

MISS E. MEYER
Counselor

[illegible] rba, Loretta Lau, [illegible]

[illegible] dl, Ruth Maass, [illegible]

N.S

HOMEROOM 9A
Ethel Reinhard, President

MISS SCHAEFER
Counselor

[illegible]

Row II—[illegible] Gladys Budisch [illegible]

Row III—Eleanor Szed[illegible] Helen O'Day, Helen B[illegible]

HOMEROOM 9A
Eleanor Marino, President

MRS. STANHOPE
Counselor

HOMEROOM 9A
Irene Howell, President

MISS TIEFENTHALER
Counselor

HOMEROOM 9B
Nanette Ioneth, President

MISS EIMERMAN
Counselor

[illegible] Malcolski, La Verne [illegible] Ann Grams, Sophie Augat [illegible]

HOMEROOM 9A
Darlene Roberts President

MISS WHITNEY
Counselor

[illegible]

HOMEROOM 9B
Virginia Matter, President

MISS McKEITH
Counselor

HOMEROOM 9B
Santa Mussomeli, President

MISS KNOWLES
Counselor

[illegible]ack, June Nolan, A[illegible]

[illegible] Eugenia Kowale[illegible]

[illegible]r, Frances Pars[illegible]
[illegible]ara, Ruth Bielawka

Seniors

DOROTHY ZAESKE
Vice-President

HELEN RIBECKY
Vice-President

ELSBETH WERNER
Secretary

JANET SILL
Treasurer

MARION ZENTGRAF
Assistant Treasurer

Elected to serve one year)

FEBRUARY CLASS OFFICERS

Class

ON A cold winter's day in February, 1933, one hundred and sixty bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girls got us early in the morning. They were excited and thrilled because they were ready to start on a new venture in their lives. Dressed in snow-suits, wearing coats, galoshes, and bright colored mittens, they started out with repeated warnings and last minute instructions from anxious mothers. They were going to "Girls' Tech," a school they had dreamed about while in the eighth grade. When they arrived, they were warmly welcomed by Miss Blanchar, whom they learned to love the very first day. The teachers, too, were kind, and the other girls made them feel at home. The first day passed quickly and eventfully, and they were home again joyfully planning four happy years in high school. The end of the first semester found them regretful that they must spend a long summer vacation away from the new friends who had made school days happy ones.

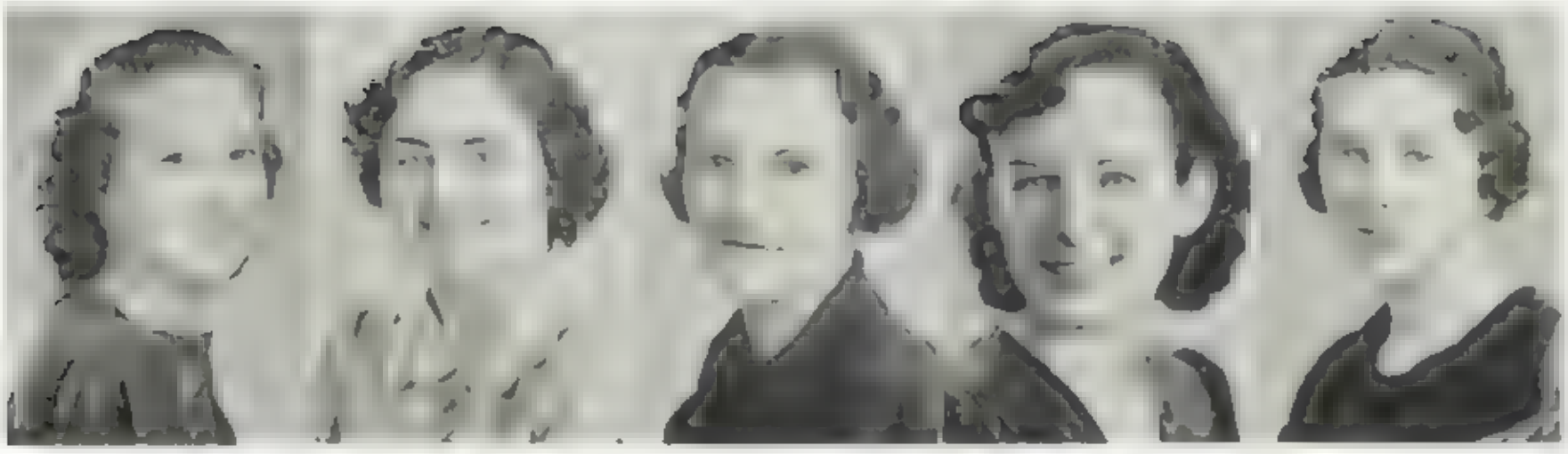
On September 7, 1933, again—four hundred frightened and bewildered little girls left their homes in all parts of the city, to board the street cars and buses which were to take them to the corner of Nineteenth and Wells Streets. Why? "We're going to Girls Technical High School!" they proudly explained. Four hundred little girls carrying lunches, wrapped in all sorts of paper, under their arms, or squashed unknowingly between "Anne of Green Gables" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," all eager to run up the stairs into that pretty hallway. Knee-length socks and flashy-colored hair bows marked them as freshmen. Jayne Fridie cast friendly glances and smiles at other woebegone-looking students and started acquaintances. In every corner could be found one or two, lost from the rest because they were "scared." A dreary life was ahead of them—ah yes—a dreary life — they thought. They soon learned to know the girls who had entered the school a semester before them, however, and Time wrought great changes. These timid four hundred, too, soon joined different clubs: the Dramatic, the Athletic, the Science, the German, the Commercial, or the Girl Reserves. Some soared higher — Dorothy Kelminak became president of the Freshmen Class, and others became homeroom presidents or officers. Hair bows and knee-length socks were gradually disappearing as they stepped into their sophomore years.

Sophomore Year! Two words never carried more meaning. No more were they "ribbed" about being freshies. The worm turned, and they themselves did all the teasing and watched their under-classmen take it on the chin with grins or shrugs.

Our Mary Mielke was heard to say, "Hm, the people are finally taking notice of me." Being in the All School Show touched her popularity button, and out oozed popularity!

Most of that "freshmanness" disappeared, even in our little Norma Seefeldt, now the latest in ladyship, and the "little girls" began to look more and more like the young ladies they were striving to become. Why, they even had the "young gentlemen" from Boys' Tech over to their sophomore party! That was one height of achievement reached and conquered.

In May of that year, a terrible tragedy befell the school. Our most beloved principal, Miss Blanchar, was taken ill, and on May 7, left us in a state of sorrow. The sadness, however, was relieved by the coming of Miss Babcock, Miss Blanchar's dearest and closest friend, to be our principal.



MARION LEIDY
President

VERNELLE HILL
Vice-President

DOROTHY LADWIG
Secretary

JANET SILL
Treasurer

MARION ZENTGRAF
Assistant Treasurer

(Elected to serve one year)

JUNE CLASS OFFICERS

History

Two hundred and fifty girls — all juniors, who had dropped a few by the wayside, were beginning to be actually grown up. They were seen making grand rushes for the mirrors all about our building — to put that false Mother Nature's coloring to their lips and cheeks. With flushed faces, they almost ran from the building at 3:10 to see the handsome boys from our brother school wheel by on bicycles. Yes, everything was confusion. From morning till night, it was a huddle of excitement for the juniors. They had a great deal to talk about, and talk they did More officers of the school were coming from the junior class than from any other. The different clubs held more juniors than freshmen, sophomores, or seniors. Yes, the juniors were quite important in Girls' Tech High. A few girls became snobs but their fellow-classmates soon brought them down to good, clean, hard earth. It didn't take much to get these girls together for parties, dances, or programs. They were right there, waiting for something to do. They might well be called the most active of the three classes, freshmen, sophomores, and juniors. However, they did not compare with what they were one year later—1937.

One hundred and ninety-five girls—all reserved, calm, and poised. It s not hard to differentiate the four classes—especially seniors. There's always that certain air of grace and poise about them that's unmistakable in any crowd. They really have to work to gain that charm, but once accomplished, it's not so easily forgotten. A senior is a combination of joy and reserve, used in the correct place at the correct time. Activity? Activities would be far more to the point. Every senior makes herself as busy as a bee collecting honey from fresh flowers. They like it, too. Marion Leidy, our senior class president, for instance, busies herself from the minute she arrives, to the time she leaves. That alone affords some admiration, we must admit. They take leading parts in the entertainments in assemblies, they write letters to be read on Washington's Birthday, they participate in the compiling of our annual under the guidance of Miss Gordon, faculty adviser, Emily Mishun, Editor-in-chief, Norma Seefeldt, Assistant Editor, Bernadette Latus, Business Manager, and other managers. Their participation in the Senior Class Play is something to boast about; and their work on the Technata, our school paper, deserves merit—heaps of it

All too soon the time came when sixty-five of our older classmates donned their pretty graduation dresses and walked sedately to the stage of the Auditorium where Miss Babcock proudly handed their diplomas to them.

Then the June graduates began to take life seriously. There was too much to be done and no one wished to look ahead to that time in June when they, too, would be graduated and real life would commence for them.

Yes, we all wonder where our seniors will go after the night of graduation. The evolution from freshmen to seniors and the change that takes place in the four years from 1933 to 1937 should go down in history. Out into the world will burst forth one hundred and ninety-five young women to make a tiny place for themselves in this wide world of strife and excitement. Will they succeed? We leave it to them.

MARY ABRAHAM

Holy Trinity

"Don't dodge difficulties, meet them, greet them, beat them

AMILLE BERTHOLD
Stenographic

Peckham Junior High

[illegible] the body obedience and it will return happiness and health

Endure all you can before putting any of your authority to shame

St Agnes

middle [illegible]

[illegible]y Graduates

BERNICE BEYER
[illegible]nographic

Fernwood

"The chief art of learning is

If you would [illegible]
you must [illegible]

Stenographic

[illegible] Marcus

[illegible] this — that [illegible]
[illegible] needed to make a

VIOLET [illegible]

LORRAINE BOZDECK

Benjamin Franklin

"Mouth runs the water where the brook is deep

Washington

[illegible] few wo[illegible]

*KATHERINE BROOK
Elective
Bay View
The reward of a thing well done is to have done it

ANN BUCAN
Stenogr[illegible]
Eighth St[illegible]
Nothing gre[illegible] was eve[illegible] achieved with[illegible] enthusiasm

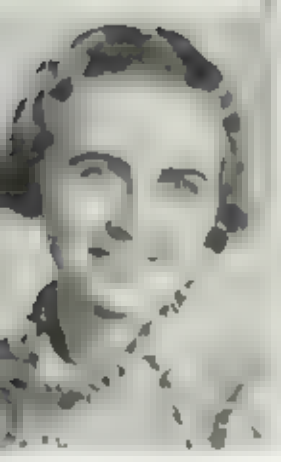
*EVELYN BUETTNER
Elective
Steuben J[illegible] High
The secret of success is constancy [illegible] purpose

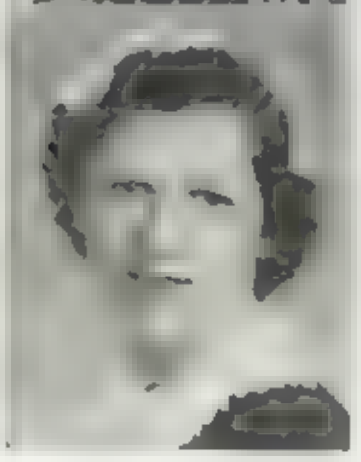
ELEANORE BURGMEIER
Elective
Steuben Junior High
I believe in working when I have to

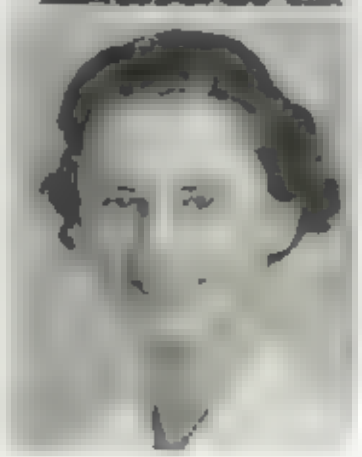
BERNICE BRUNOW
Stenographic
Brown Street
"The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do

ALICE BUFKA
Stenographic
Peckham Junior High
[illegible]y is the mother of enjoy

*February Graduates







[illegible]
Elective
[illegible] thing
[illegible]

*PEARL CLAUSSEN
Elective
Thirty first Street
Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm

LA CLAPPER
Elective
Went[illegible] Street
[illegible] is a wheel and it [illegible] round right

[illegible]
No [illegible] strength [illegible] ing [illegible]

RUTH CUMMING
Stenographic
Brown Street
[illegible] thing is ever lost by courtesy

[illegible] Kniel
[illegible] do what you can and [illegible] little fuss as possible

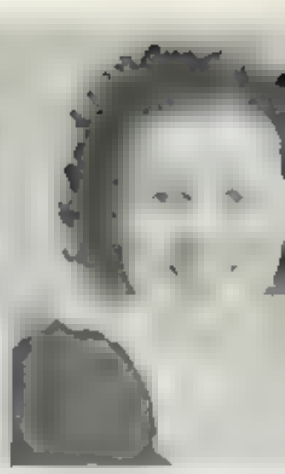
[illegible]
[illegible] Division High
Accept [illegible] accept [illegible]

RUTH DENZIN
Stenographic
St Marcus
Everyone excels in something [illegible] another fails.

AMS
Stenographic
St. Gira
[illegible] ideal is not [illegible]





ANNE DIETLMEIER
Stenographic
Roosevelt Junior High

A better friend no one could
and

MARY DOLINAC
Commercial Certificate
Walter Allen

DELORES DOLL
Elective
Fifth Street

KATHLEEN DOUGHERTY
Elective
Steuben Junior High

DOROTHY DITSCHEIT
Trade Diploma
St. Leo

legacy is so rich as honesty."

VIRGINIA DOSCH
Stenographic
St Lawrence

"If the task is difficult, work a

MARY DRE
Stenographi
I. Wenceslaus

"Fi time with positiv
nd good

NADINE DUDLEY

s that is the cu
of man—not labor

Walter Allen

p with the good, and you
will soon be one of them."

"There is no road to success
bu

MILDRED DUSZ
Scien
Bay View High

from all care I m

Why aren't they all contented
ke m

RMA ECKMAN
Elective
Emmaus Lutheran

what you do
be only true."

"It is not enough to
one must do it the ri

*ANNA ELIOPUL
E
Eugene Fie

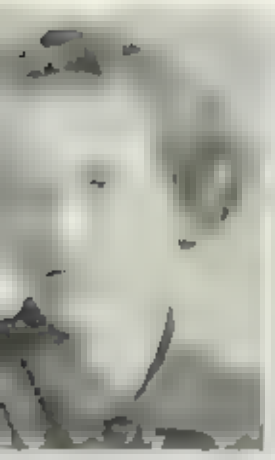
Every man of us has all the
centuries in him











MARCELLA ERDMANN
enograph
t. Josaphat
Goodwill is the mightiest practical force in the universe

Brown Street
"Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand."

'Preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doc-

E FRANKOWSKI
E ective
Albe t E. Kage
"There are vicissitudes in all things

ALMA FLUELLEN
Trade Diploma
y for

Cafrell Eudwi

Benjamin Franklin
He who understan is most, s other man s master

ORRAINE GEBHARDT
Stenographic
Immanuel Lutheran
ntribution to the s yourself

Junior High
all little things re merely of great

AROLINE GEVERS

mply a matter of
you are what

ANN HABICHER
Elective
Victor Berger
"Nothing is fair or good alone."

MARGARET HAISSIG
graphic
enter Street
d modern maiden
Her foremost charm—simplic

ERESA HAN LIN
mercial Art
our illu

HELEN HASCHKER
Elective
Trinity Lutheran
"A person must have lots of strength to overcome his greatest weakness."

ETHEL HAISS
ective
Eas Center Street
What we are to , we are now

RUTH HARMANN
Elective
First Central Lutheran
is in being, not

VIR INIA HESS
ence
Nazareth Belmei
"Book knowledge is al. right, but too much burdens the mind."

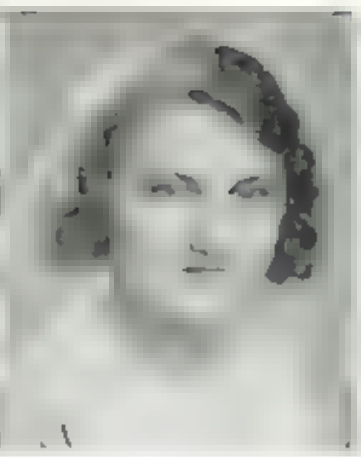
ment like the

ER'NE HERR
Fifth Street
A good sport never quits.

LORAINE HOEHNE
Elective
Junior Hig
Doubt whom you will, but never yourself

RUBY HOLTZLANDER
enograp ic
Wisconsin Avenue
Instead of wailing when you , just sing a merry song."

Angels
r and be done


ELIZABETH HORN
Elective
Silver Spring
The man who is successfu
is the man who is useful

n Lutheran
f duty clash
sias

JOHNSON
iv
West Division
"To hear her relate in that
droll way
Makes you chuckle through
out the day

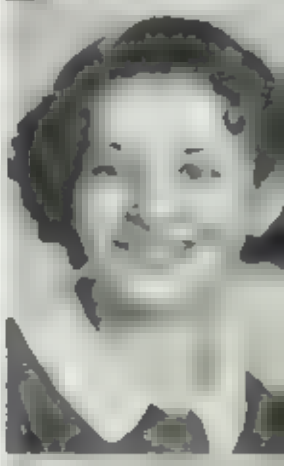
MARIE IGNASIA
enographic
St Josaphat
is
never betrays

BERNICE JEST
Stenographic
Lutheran Hig
ten defeated
st

Elective
peth
As merry


CATHERINE KA
Twenty seven
Liberty exists in
to wholesome restrain
with a

IRGINIA KANTIN
Stenographi
Twent first Stre
It is a asien to be a.ad

ANNA KARDOS
Music
Agnes
"There is a chord in every
heart that has a sigh in it if
touched aright


Love -
Ann Kardos

*MARY KELLN
Stenographic
Bethesda Lutheran
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

*JOSEPHINE KENAR
Stenographic
North Junior Tech
"Work is wholesome and there is plenty of it for everyone."

GRACE KIRBY
Elective
Steuben Junior High
"It is only when good habits exist that principles can exert an ennobling influ

MARGARET KNEPPRATH
Stenographic
William McKinley
"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

MARY KELMICH

"The man who is capab generating enthusiasm, co whipped."

MARIE KNAPP
Elective
Steuben Junior High
chool is the spice of life?
w I wish I liked spices

*February Graduates

KATHERINE KOCH
Elective
Roosevelt
"To travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

LOUISE KOBIDA
Science
St Stephen
ve nature can never

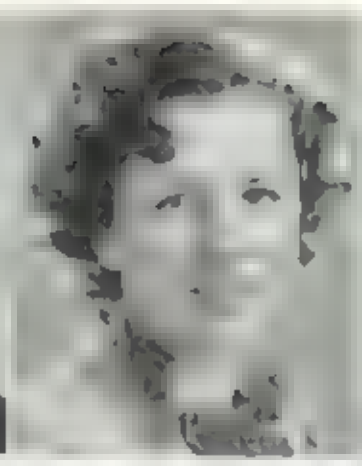
JANET KOSECKE
Elective
Holy Angels
"The great end of life is not knowledge, but action."

graphic

Elective
Mindlake A

ANTOINETTE KOVAC
Stenographic
Longfellow
here: I heard her

ELAINE KOUR
Elective
wor is and


GENEVIEVE KRUEGER
Elective
Michael

both just
and un just

st Division

k the first virtue is to be
n the female"

Graduates

ARL KRUEG
Elective
Washington High

t Junior Hig

Two most precious th
this side the grave—repu should rec
ation and

Juneau Junior H

LUCILLE KULIK
Elective
uth Divis

A fair exterior
recommendation

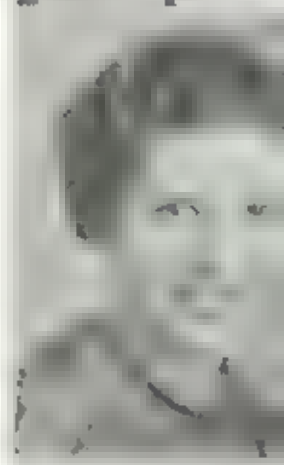
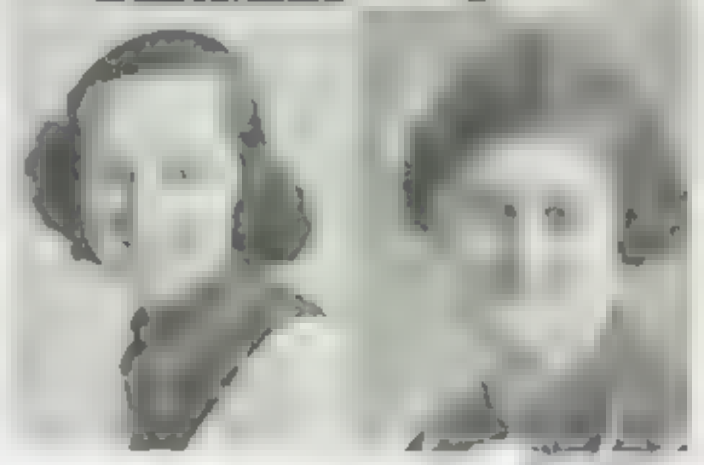
LENNIE
Elective

Fifth

y side of Character gives st

LORRAINE LAAR
Fe




*RUTH LANGE
Elective
Benjamin Franklin
A can who wills it can a
anywhere.'

St John Kanty
they lack wi...

Robert La Follette
mysterious spring
within us

*LEONA LENTZ
Elective
Twenty seventh Street
True mastery is compact of
supreme qualities

Every
manifest

LORAYNE LIPPMAN
Elective
Peckham Junior High
and tall she glides
ugh the halls
In Shakespearian comedy she
wal

ALICE L
Stenogr
St John
he better part of valour is
n

GARD LOH
the day

*MARGARET MEVIUS
Stenographic
St Leo
only earns his freedom
and existence who daily con

or High
e his own pilot

VIRGINIA NELSON
Elective

FATR CE PAR HIM
Elective
Vienna
Do not dull

[illegible] But

[illegible] amin Franklin
[illegible] enough with

Success
Happiness
is lady
to feel
Good luck
Lorraine Feil

EMILY PFLYINSKI
Elective
Horace Mann Junior
[illegible] simple men are the [illegible] test always"

*MAUD POWERS
Elective
Ben amin Franklin
No thought is beautiful which is not just"

LEN PUF
Elective
...ston Junior High
...t mighty good world
that we live in

IA R
...graph

...les

LINKE
Elective
Francis Lafayette
'Joy isn't in things,

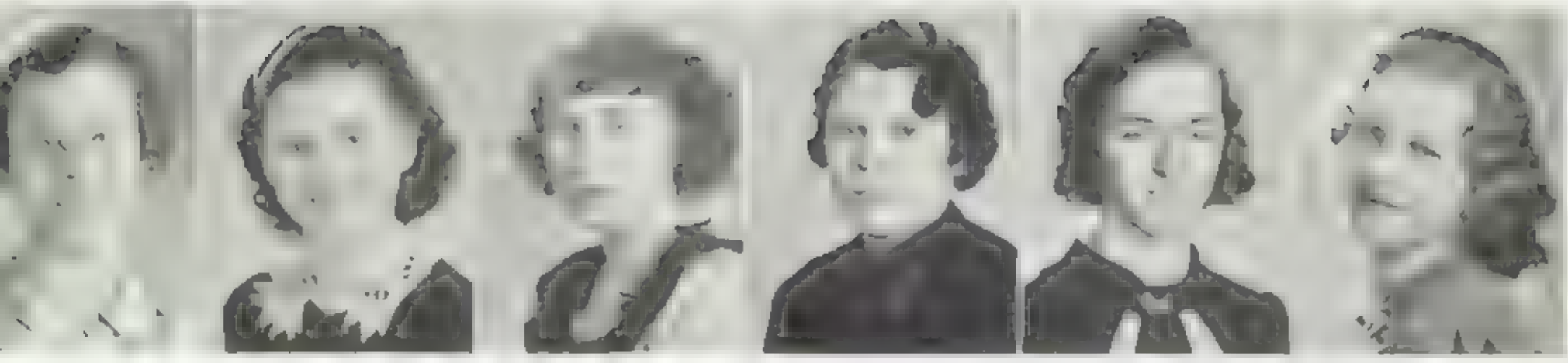
...d to its bathings

North Division High
...n your own lot

'Grow'
of life

'Truth is always strange—
stranger than fiction."

...nographic
St Gal
"Simply do the best you know
then trust



*CLARE SCHABKOWSKI
[illegible]
Peckham Junior High
Look for the light the shad

[illegible]
[illegible]en Junior H[illegible]
*Beware of despair[illegible]

[illegible]ent is a [illegible]sophy not
[illegible]understood

*No man need hunt for his mission

*ELLONA SCHULTZ
Elective
Wisconsin Avenue
[illegible] border of life is full of
splinters

DOROTHY SINGER
Elective
Eugene Field
[illegible] no truer truth ob-
[illegible] by man than comes

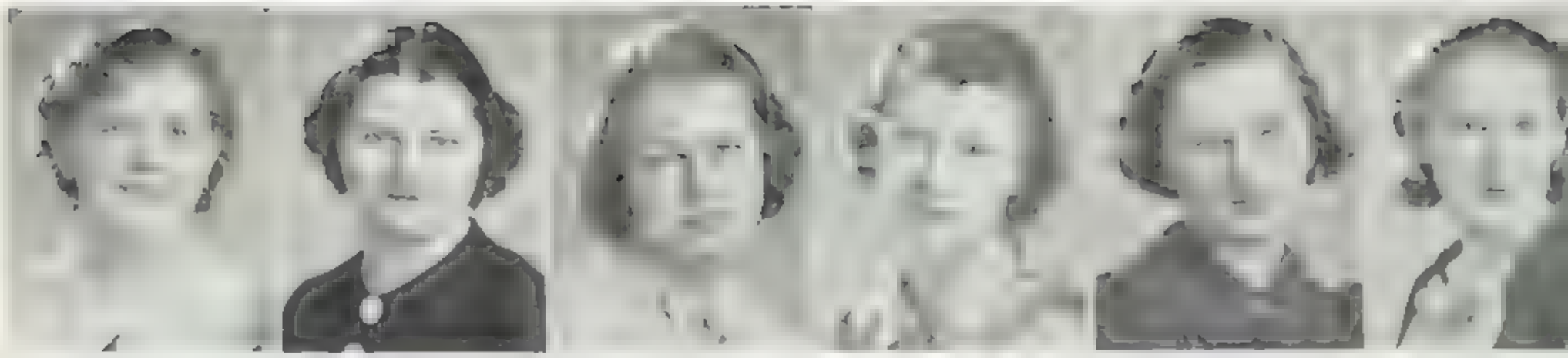
[illegible] SCHWANDT
[illegible]

There are ten thousand strug
[illegible]y [illegible] pioneer

RUTH [illegible]HWANDT
Elective
St Lucas
Do your best loyally and
[illegible]

Our welfare depends on our

Sincerely,
Janet
(Will)



GLADY AMPFFLDT
Trad Diploma
Peckham Junior High
Always different but beaut

U
graphic

Genius hath electric power which

*EILEEN STEPHENS
Elective
Steuben Junior High
"There is no beautifier in form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy

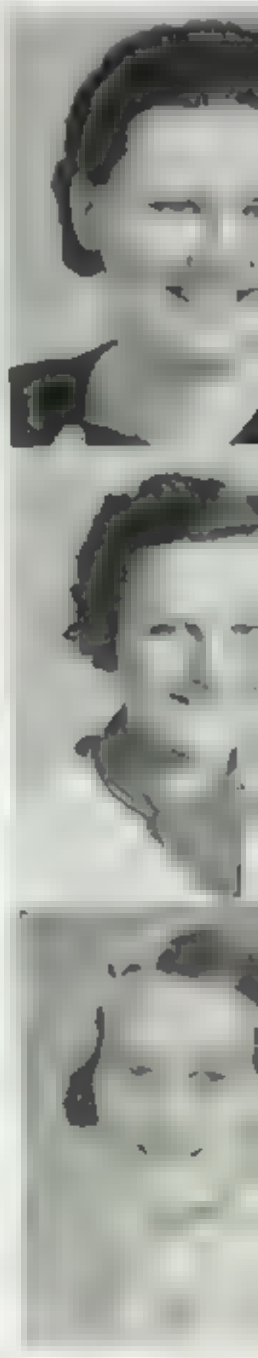
TERINE STRYIEWSKI
Elective
St. Josaphat
What your heart thinks great is great."

Eugene
"We can never see the sun rise by looking into the west

FRN
Peckham Ju
Eyes make pictu
They are shut"

shat

The power o
the mo



*ADELINE TODRYK
Elective
Mars
Deep as Eternity
Hollow as Time

MARY TOTH

Fernwood Avenue
Human [illegible] crises [illegible]

MAE JUNE TO[illegible]

We are never so [illegible]
unhappy as we supp[illegible]

[illegible] for High
[illegible] music that would

*Febru[illegible]

*BERNADINE WALLNER
Stenographic
Green Bay Avenue
'They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.'

RUTH WALKER
Science
[illegible]st Division
[illegible] mind the best con[illegible]

LUCILLE WENDORF
Trade Diploma
[illegible]coln High School
We should every day call ourselves to an account."

Stenographic
[illegible] Lutheran
[illegible] can lose what he

[illegible]enographic
[illegible] seventh
[illegible] truly g[illegible]






BERNARDINE WIESE
Elective
St Lawrence
"Whichever way the wind
th blow!

LUCILLE WILKE
[illegible]ercial Art
St Catherine
[illegible]r anything can be
[illegible]
When simpleness and du
[illegible]der it

MARY WIND
enographic
Elizabeth
[illegible] doing are two
[illegible]

ALICE WOODS
Science
Holy Trinity
How poor they are that have
not patience "

ESTHER WI[illegible]OREK
Stenographic
St Josaphat
There is nothing [illegible]
seeming to be what yo[illegible]

*HELEN WOLK
Stenographic
Story
If you intend to be [illegible]ppy, don't
[illegible]sh enough to wait for a
[illegible]

*ESTHER WROBLEWSKI
Elective
St John Kanty
'Insist on yourself never im
tate.'

*DOROTHY ZAES
Elective
Oklahoma Avenue
[illegible]o we l[illegible]e for
[illegible] make life less dif[illegible]


"A wide spreading, hopeful
disposition is the best um
brella for this vale of tears

Grasp an[illegible]
[illegible]


LEOCADIA ZAMOR[illegible]
[illegible]tenographic
St Casimir
May you live all the days
of your life

[illegible]en[illegible]graph
Oklahoma Avenue
'I I shoot at th[illegible]
hit a star



FEBRUARY GRADUATION PROGRAM

Processional—March from Aida - - - - - - - - Verdi
Girls' Technical High Band

Commencement Welcome - - - - Dorothy Ann Zeske
Class President

Lift Thine Eyes, from The Elijah - - - - - - Mendelssohn

Thou'rt Like a Beauteous Flower - - - - - - Rubinstein
A Capella Chorus
Accompanist—Dorothy Vogel

Declamation—The House by the Side of the Road - Samuel Foss
Lela M. Montgomery

Valedictory - - - - - - - - - - Elizabeth B. Murphy

Piano Solo—Kamennoi-Ostrow - - - - - - Rubinstein
Dorothy Vogel

Address to the Graduates - - - Mr. William C. Knoelk
Assistant Superintendent of Schools

Presentation of Diplomas - - - - Miss Ella L. Babcock
Principal

Reading Class Roll - - - - - - - Miss Lulu M. Dysart
Vice Principal

School Song—Hail Tech - - - - - - - J. Thomas Oakes
Graduating Class, Accompanied by Band

Recessional—Marche Militaire - - - - - - - Schubert
Girls' Technical High Band

LELA MONTGOMERY
Salutatorian

ELIZABETH MURPHY
Valedictorian

JUNE GRADUATION PROGRAM

Processional—Festal March - - - - - - - - Cadman
Girls' Technical High Orchestra

A Welcome to Our Friends - - - - - Marion E. Leidy

Salutatory—Who Was Mary Lyons? - - - Estelle B. Schultz

Duet—Meditation - - - - - - - - - - - Oberthier
Harp—Anna Kardos
Piano—Ruth Raasch

Presentation of Class Gift - - - - - - - Janet A. Sill

Acceptance of Class Gift - - - - - Miss Ella L. Babcock
Principal

Valedictory—He Took It Upon Himself - Norma F. Seefeldt

Overture—Les Petite Riens - - - - - - - - Mozart
Girls' Technical High Orchestra

Address to the Graduates - - - - - - Dr. W. W. Theisen
Assistant Superintendent of Schools

Presentation of Diplomas - - - - - Miss Gertrude Sherman
Member Board of School Directors

Reading of Class Roll - - - - - - Miss Lulu M. Dysart
Vice-principal

School Song—Hail Tech - - - - - - J. Thomas Oakes
Graduating Class

Recessional - - - - - - - - - - - - - Selected
Girls' Technical High Orchestra

NORMA SEEFELDT
Valedictorian

ESTELLE SCHULTZ
Salutatorian

Activities

THE RIPPER STAFF

Emily Mishun Ruth Denzin

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief	Emily Mishun
Assistant Editor	Norma Seefeldt
Business Manager	Bernadette Latus
Literary Editors	Ruth Denzin Sylvia Lazarsk. Mary Mielke
Art Editor	Catherine Krenke
Class Editor	Emily Habernig
Advertising Editor	Lorraine Gebhardt
Subscription Managers	Lucille Gebisch Genevieve Krueger
Snap Shots	Agnes Reinke

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Lonita Krusczka	Ruth Cummings	Ethel Thiele
Grace Counard	Adelia Enslen	Helen Kubeska
Mary Toth	Marian Meyer	

ASSISTANT CLASS EDITOR

Myrtle Dams

ASSISTANT ART STAFF

Lorraine Rogers Jane Fridie

ASSISTANT LITERARY STAFF

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Dorothy Heup	Camille Berthold	Martha Murphy
Ruby Holtslander	Virginia Dosch	Elaine Kourt
Margaret Kneprath	Bernice Kurth	Jennie Kvas
Mary Drews	Marcella Erdmann	Mercedes Niessen
Ethel Kath	Mary Abraham	
Beatrice Keefe	Dorothy O'Connell	

ASSISTANT SNAP SHOT STAFF

Lois [illegible]	Dorothy Ladwig	Esther Kasmarek

FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Gordon, Chairman Miss Schaefer, Snapshots
[illegible] [illegible]s Nowell
[illegible] [illegible] Bertrand Cla[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

Lorraine Gebhardt Lucille G[illegible] Agnes Reinke

CHRISTMAS TABLEAU

"Oh little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by;
Yet in the dark street shineth the everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to-night."

THE WHOLE TRUTH

A comedy [illegible]

[illegible] Montmartre [illegible]

[illegible] ROLINE [illegible] ET KNEPP [illegible] ROSALIE OBL [illegible]

THE PURPLE SHEET

Selection from Tannhauser
G. T. T. H. S. Band

Scene I—The editor of the Purple Sheet gives out assignments

The Staff

Mr. Wantascoop—editor
Mr. Ahlgett —on mystery assignm
Miss Pennanink —cartoonist
Miss Molly Know —fashion editor
Mr. David S. Rich —music and dramatic critic
Mr. Fiveleague —s editor assigned to t —ntry Fair
Mr. Cubbry Po — assigned to Vital Statistics
Miss Snoop—society editor
Mr. Pozitt } Photographers
Mr. Lookpleasant }
Reggie—printer's devil and o — factotum

Scene II—Mr. Ahlgett has unearthed a mystery

The Travellers by Booth Ta — ton
The Make-Up Box

Scene: A small hotel in — mountain village of Sicily. Th — urtain closes for a moment to — several h —

— The editor intervie —

— nnanink presents The Comic —

— editor discusses the want-ads

Scene VI—Miss Molly Know visits the Style Show. (All dresses made in the —

INTERMISSION

Selection from the Dream Ship E. De Lamater
G. T. T. H. S. Band

Scene VII Mr. Cubbry Porter gets experience at the Bureau of Vital Statistics

— ne VIII—The editor reviews his troubles.

— ene IX—Mr. Fiveleague finds entertainment at the Punkin Hollow Country Fair

Sideshow Oddities — Hay-hay Dance
Yacob and his Minstrels — Gypsy Sweethearts
Rustic Lovers — The Arabian Horse
— de-away Dance

— The staff gets busy on The Lovelorn — column

Scene XI—Mr. Davis S. Rich discovers — choir

Scene XII He presents his first assignment
The Sub-deb Follies

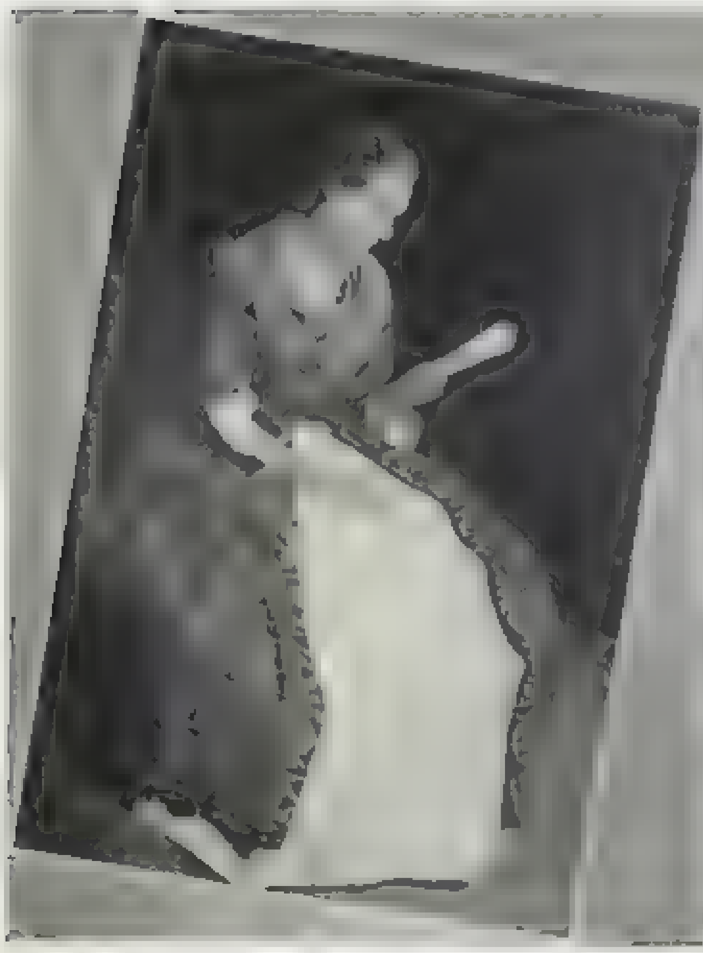
— The Purple Sheet is assembled and is — he streets


MARRIAGE
LICENSES

MUCH ADO ABOUT DORIS

COLONIAL DAMES

The Washington's Birthday program took the [illegible] project in [illegible] two of the English VIII classes. [illegible] [illegible] written [illegible] Washington [illegible] which [illegible] of the great [illegible]. Six [illegible] read those which [illegible] presented the Colonial Dames who were [illegible] whose work was [illegible] were [illegible] Kraft, Edward [illegible] Berthing, Betty [illegible] and Betty H[illegible]. The Colonial Dames were Norma Seeman, [illegible] Virginia [illegible] K[illegible], Virginia K[illegible] [illegible] Agnes [illegible] and [illegible] Margery.



A [illegible] ER NIGHT'S DREAM

THE TAMING OF THE [illegible]

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES

GRADUATES PUT ON A STYLE SHOW FOR THE MOTHERS TEA
MAY 19 AND 20

ATHLETIC CLUB

Betty Stengel—President
Mary Callahan—Vice Presid
Darlene Roberts—Secretary
Georgia Bouches—

GERMAN CLUB

Louise Kobida—Vice P
Agnes Renke
Marie Meisle

SCIENCE CLUB

President
Vice Schicke—Vice Pres
Johanna Sovak—Se

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Buddie—President
Albert—Vice President
e—Secretary
La Verne Marredeth—Treasurer

GIRL RESERV

e Giebisch—President
Emily Haberniq—Vice President
Florence Newlen—Secre
Dorothy Wartchow
Teresa Magvera

STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS

Pres den

FOUR GRADUATES with HIGHEST SCHOLASTIC HONORS

NORMA SEEFELDT
ESTELLE SCHULTZ
ALICE SCHICKE
RUTH DENZIN

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Literature

A TOAST TO 1937

By Dorothy O'Connell

The cup of life, brim full of joyous living,
Waits on your table, a new-tasting wine;
If you should take it, do not hold it
Like a China cup, or fragile goblet,
And thus lose all the joy in having;
But rather grip it firmly in your hand,
And hold it high in our last toast together—
Say in gay-hearted words that carry laughter,
"Here's to the loved high-school life we leave·
Here's to new ventures into lives we love!"

THE REASON FOR RIOTS

By Eleanor Groeger

The teachers cause a riot when
Assignments keep us up past ten;
Especially when we have to read
Some age-old plays as dry as seed.
Inspired by the greatest awe,
Laborious lines we read till maw
Calls, "Mary, it is half past one.
It's time you had your lessons done,
'Cause literature can't bring you wealth
If school work's gonna wreck your health."

IN PRAISE OF EARLY MORNING

By Estelle Schultz

The sunrise has long been a topic for the poets. Verse writers of the ages and the present day lyrists have all written or are planning to write a poem extolling the rapturous beauty of the sunrise. That is how poets praise the early morning. Unfortunately, the sunrise is always gone by eight o'clock.

Tis often said that the best time to sleep is in the early morning. That old reliable, the alarm clock, seems not to know this acknowledged truth; for every day, promptly at 6:30, it sends its shrill, unwelcome call to us who are peacefully oblivious. Reluctantly we remove one hand from under the cover and shut off the pesky disturber of our dreams. Gee, it feels good to be in bed, so warm and comfortable.

Evidently we dozed off to sleep again, for now mother is excitedly trying to tell us that it is seven o'clock, and we must hurry. Then ensues the usual morning routine: a series of hurried trips from one room to another, until finally at 7:47 we are ready to leave. There are just two minutes in which we must run three blocks to get the street car.

Yes, indeed, there is nothing to compare with the grandeur of early morning.

POOR ME

By Genevieve Krueger

I'll show this family. They have hurt my feelings until I just can't stand it any more I know what I'll do. I'll run away from home.

It wasn't so bad when they allowed Wally to boss me around as if I were a small child, but now Marge has the privilege of wearing all my clothes. They make me feel as if I'm not wanted around here at all. Russ can't even blow the horn in front of the house. He has to ring the bell and politely say, "Good evening. Is Jean at home?" He knows very well that I'm home and waiting for him.

What's that mother is saying? "John, what would we do without Jean? She is such a help around this house." Oh well, maybe I'd better wait till some other time to leave home.

EDUCATION

By Dorothy O'Connell

I know where there is sky to hold
For arms that reach to cerule space,
And where an ecstasy, like gold,
Lies hidden in a tranquil place.

I know where wind-brushed heather grows
On stretching lands near Scottish leas,
And where a curvet May wind blows
And tall ships sail on storm-pitched seas.

I know the hidden souls of men
Who count their words like bartered jewels;
I know a shallow promise when
The words are uttered by mere fools.

I learned these things from added years—
Will two more decades hide my fears?

ESCAPE

By Dorothy O'Connell

Why can't I go, now June has come,
And I have bridged another year?
This heart in me pounds for release,
Must I again refuse to hear?

The high roads call; there's not much time—
My feet don wings for sudden flight;
I long to trail each vagary
Down swinging roads on summer nights.

Why must I stay right here at home,
To tend the garden, cook, and sew—
When I shall always ask to roam
To places where my fancies go?

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT

By Ethel Kath

Into the shadowy inky-black waters we pushed our boat. A dash of cool water splashed against our warm cheeks and we were off into the unknown darkness. We knew that our cottage was located somewhere on the opposite shore. Without a star or the moon to guide us, we started slowly, silently, to our destination. Having just arrived that day, we were unfamiliar with the lake and much less familiar with the location of the cottage. Only the even splashing and dipping of the oars could be heard in the dark, still night.

Each movement of the squeaking oars seemed to say "Look out," "Look out." None of us said anything, but one could easily realize that we were too frightened to speak. Before long our boat began going in circles; our rower, being an amateur at the task, and with an overloaded boat, had lost control. Here we were, eight girls in a boat, on dark unknown waters, without the faintest notion of where we were, and without a much needed flashlight. Finally the boat began to move about, this time going straight into a clump of cat-tails and weeds. How we managed to struggle through these weeds and finally reach our own pier is still a mystery to us.

If one could have seen us later that night, she would have seen a sight just opposite to the previous one. In the dim light of a flickering oil lamp, eight girls, clad in bright pajamas, were curled up in chairs talking and laughing gayly about an adventure that almost was a tragedy.

ON HAVING TO CURL ONE'S HAIR

By Janet Sill

Oh, what a tragedy! Her curls were piled an inch high on her head. It had taken three painstaking hours to get in all the ends and pin each curl in place, and now—oh my! But what happened? I'll tell you.

The senior prom was fast approaching, and Janey hadn't saved enough money to get a permanent. There was only one thing to do. She must curl her own hair as she had been doing for the past months. One week before the prom, Janey tried a new system of curling, guaranteed to knock any beau off his feet. It was very simple. Just wrap the hair around the wire, and in the morning when you gazed into the mirror, lo-and-behold, you've grown into a second Loretta Young. (So the advertisement said.)

Whole-heartedly she entered the task of "wiring" up her head. We next see our heroine standing before the mirror with tear-stained eyes, a red nose, and a head of hair very similar to that of a Zulu. "Janey, time for school." But no reply comes from the lips of our newly acquired Miss Young. She just can't go today. Her head aches terribly. But mother understands and helps Janey wash and literally try to iron out her hair.

Now she's cured of trying new devices and has gone back to that good, old reliable curling iron. It's not even an electric, up-to-date one, but who cares? It does make nice round curls. This week has passed very quickly.

It is now Friday evening. Time for the prom. Mother has curled Janey's hair high upon her head and remarks that a Katherine Hepburn coiffure suits Janey better, anyway. It is a very balmy night, with a few stars and a large yellow moon; but what seems to be gathering on the windshield? Not rain! Oh no. It couldn't be. "My hair!" is Janey's first thought, and as she runs from

the automobile to the school building, her curls begin to drop as did the first few drops of rain. She enters the dance floor with high hopes, but her hair is straight.

However, her "one-and-only" compliments her on the new type of hair comb. "Not so bushy and curled up," he says, while Janey sighs with relief.

SUSPENSE

By Virginia Kallie

"The sky scraper was capped with a lightning-rod affair. Its surface, shaped like an inverted saucer, glistened as its smooth coating of nickel-steel caught the sun. Beneath it tapered the granite walls as the automobiles far below moved like ants. How he got up here, John Bacchus could not fully explain. Yet, he was here, and the building swayed below him, as the wind grew more fierce each moment. His grip on a slender piece of metal was all that prevented him from falling to certain death. Suddenly a gust of wind caught him off guard and he found himself dangling over the edge. He clawed frantically for support to no avail. His grip on the narrow ledge weakened; he could not hold out any longer. At last he let go, and he hurtled downward."

"Read the next installment," glared a notice below, answering my unspoken question.

Wiping my forehead, I turned the pages of the magazine with disgust; perhaps I muttered something conventional and then added, "Isn't there any complete story in these magazines?"

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

By Virginia Sable

The music was playing and the dancers were in glee. Just one glance at some of them would tell you that they were remote from all their everyday worries.

The dance this evening seemed to be more perfect than any other. Many girls from my English class were there, but not a word of Byron or Wordsworth was mentioned.

Everything went along consummately until one hideous error on my part spoiled it all.

I saw that number ten was flashed on the ceiling of the ballroom. This meant tag dance.

I very courteously walked up to an elegant dancer and tagged him. The girl he was dancing with looked at me in a fastidious manner and said, "This is still number nine."

I excused myself. I could feel my face flush. Just then I realized that they were playing the last strains of number nine.

It was a lucky thing for me that the boy with whom I had just danced the previous dance spared me more embarrassment by asking me to dance so that I did not have to walk off the floor again. I still wonder how he happened to be right there. I wonder if he saw me? I hope not.

A JUNIOR SPEAKS TO THE GRADUATES

By June Borgan

April has arrived with all the dullness and dreariness of rainy spring weather, but the atmosphere within school was completely different. The reason was that the "last minute" was on. We rushed here collecting snapshots; rushed there gathering graduates' photos; rushed yonder to make last-minute announcements; and then hurried to last-minute request topics for the "Ripper."

Writings which had to be the best ever produced by your over-burdened brain must be finished and perfected in limited time. Where you would ordinarily ponder over an important writing, you had to flock your wandering thoughts together and set them down in the swiftest possible manner. If you ever had to think fast in any case of emergency, you certainly had to do so during the busy month of April. You acted so quickly and thought so clearly in that time of stress that you wondered why you never before had realized your abilities.

Just imagine how much you would accomplish if every lesson you had to prepare would present itself to your mind as an emergency. Why, there would be no stop-

ping you in your climb to achieve success. You'd simply soar. Can you picture where the whole nation would be today if every citizen had met his duty with the thought of getting it done immediately and with the most perfect workmanship?

The thought of it is breathtaking. I wouldn't dare venture to express myself for fear of having the very paper I'm writing on burst into flame from the heat of my imagination. Wouldn't it be marvelous to have some of our graduates set the world on fire with their rising accomplishments?

These fine girls are leaving us this June and there is no reason why at least a few of them can't make names for themselves. These girls are leaving us stored with ambition, energy, and new ideas, to push the slackers right aside and put their names in the top ranking list.

ON CABBAGE

By Valeria Krantz

The sun is shining, Bob is coming over after dinner, and life is well worth living until I step into the house and smell cabbage! Anyone who has had cabbage cooked at home knows all about that odor. It lingers about, haunting one for days. What would Bob think? Something must be done. Why, he probably wouldn't even look at a cabbage.

Mother, when appealed to, severely replies that Uncle Fred brought it and it had to be used at once. All my pleadings are useless. That awful vegetable goes right on cooking. I search my mind for some method of overcoming the smell. A piece of bread placed in the kettle doesn't seem to take effect. Ah! There's still my perfume. I take it and, with a breaking heart, sprinkle the precious drops around the house. Maybe this will work.

Next, I go outside and breathe deeply for a few seconds. Now for the test. Cautiously I open the door, step into the hall, sniff inquisitively, and what do I smell? Cabbage! "It's no use," I wail. Everything is spoiled. Why do all these things happen to me?

At the supper table I crossly push the offending vegetable away. This causes dad to say, "Careful, young lady." That's the last straw. I leave the table in tears and make it a point not to appear until dishes are finished.

Oh! There's the doorbell. Well, it's too late now. Maybe we could go for a walk. But what's that Bob is saying to mother? Oh! He is saying, "My, that cabbage smells good. It's my favorite dish."

MY FIRST DAY IN THE CAFETERIA

By Grace Ann Kirby

"Hurry girls, get your cakes in the oven."

"What! you put the rolls in the oven without letting them rise?"

Yes, it was the first day for our class to work in the cafeteria. As I gazed about me, bewildered, my head reeled at the sight of the many dishes, pots, and pans which surrounded me like an oncoming army.

Suddenly I heard the instructor calling me, and I answered her with a shaking voice.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"You take care of the tea today."

My heart sank. How could I serve tea when I had never served it before? The dinner bell rang and I scarcely had time to breathe when "tea, tea, hurry with tea" began ringing in my ears. Oh, why couldn't I hurry! The boiling water seemed to pour everywhere but in the cups, and everybody seemed to be asking for tea.

When the instructor excused me, I gave a sigh of relief and was happy that I would not have to serve that awful beverage until tomorrow.

FRESHIES FOR A DAY

By Dorothy Goetzke

On the fourteenth of April the number of freshmen seemed to have increased, and the number of seniors diminished. This sudden change was due to the observance of senior-freshie day to let the older girls become the younger ones—just for a day.

It was a big thrill to have mother put a

big red hair-ribbon carefully in my hair and pin a hanky securely on my dress. Tightly tied in the corner of my handkerchief were three pennies that mother gave me for an all-day-sucker and candy sticks. I was ready for school, and now I had to get my doll ready. It was raining outside, so I tucked my dolly in her bunting, and off to school we went.

Arriving at school, I found other seniors dressed as little girls, carrying all sorts of animals or dolls. Many girls were eating candy sticks and all-day-suckers before the first bell. The candy sale certainly must have gone up.

One little girl had on a short checked dress with big bloomers coming to the knee She carried her scotty along with her wherever she went. Some dressed as little boys with short trousers and sailor hats.

Baby talk was frequently heard, and red apples were given to teachers. One class could be heard singing, "Good morning, dear teacher," and little girls were replying, "Yes, teacher, No, teacher."

Congratulations to those girls who could put aside their senior dignity and act the part of a "freshie."

EXPECTING A TELEPHONE CALL

By Virginia Kantin

One Wednesday evening I surprised the entire family by lounging around the house This was very unusual, as I like to go out on Wednesday evenings. First of all, I asked if anyone had a good book to read. No one answered, but June kept looking at me curiously. She finally asked, "Why are you staying home tonight?" When I said that I just felt like it, mother asked if I felt all right.

Finally the phone rang! Trying not to appear in too much of a hurry, I sauntered to the phone. "Hello." "Oh hello, Virginia, is your dad home?" Of course, that disagreeable man would have to call father just now!

I sat in a big chair and tapped the floor nervously with my foot. Would they never stop talking? At last! But what if HE had called while they were talking? Would HE call again? Or would HE call some other girl instead?

After two solid hours of waiting and wondering, June finally said, "Oh say, Virginia, the phone rang when I came home from school."

By this time I was very nervous, so I said curtly, "Oh, did it?"

"Oh yes; it was Bud and he said that he couldn't telephone you tonight because he was going to a meeting. That couldn't have been what you were waiting for. Or was it?"

UMBRELLA DAY

By Norma Seefeldt

Pitter patter! Pitter patter! What, raining again! I rubbed my sleepy eyes and gazed woefully out of the window to confirm the fact. Yes, there it was — the dark, gray, gloomy sky above and the raindrops pouring down. It wasn't at all what I'd planned.

Of course, I would have to wear boots to school to keep my feet dry. Imagine—boots on a morning, almost in May, which really should have been warm and balmy! Then, too, mother insisted that I take an umbrella with me. I protested vigorously because I just knew that, if I did, I would return after school swinging a superfluous implement on my right wrist while the sun would be beaming radiantly above. However, mother's wish prevailed, and, sometime later, I was walking down the street, boots on my feet a load of books in my arms, and an umbrella over my head.

Now, there is nothing quite like running for a street car on a rainy day! On any other day a person may think he is quite light-footed and graceful, but never on umbrella day. There just doesn't seem to be any coordination between one's umbrella, legs, arms, and body. They all seem to pull in different directions. After a great deal of juggling and jogging, I caught my street car, feeling, and probably looking, exceedingly bedraggled and unkempt. One comfort, however, on a day like that, is that everyone looks the same way. And the chief topic of conversation on umbrella day is the weather!

There was probably one group of girls in school that enjoyed umbrella day after all; those girls who have new permanent waves can enjoy a genuine triumph over the poor, unfortunate souls who sit tucking away straight and straggly ends.

But, just as I thought, the sun did finally show its face, and I came home from school dangling a useless umbrella from my arm. Immediately the unpopular impediment was thrust into the closet, where, I vowed, it would stay a good, long time.

GIRLS ARE FICKLE

By Mildred Franz

"What to do again tonight. I suppose I'll have to stay in all by my lonesome, seeing as that little cat next door is going somewhere with Eddie again. I wonder why he never pays any attention to me; he always used to.

"I'm just as nice looking as she (even better I think) and I do wear my clothes well; still—oh, what do I care—

"Gosh, but I'm lonely. I wonder if he really likes her. Well, I'm glad I can keep my self-respect and not go with every Tom, Dick, and Harry that comes along.

"Wonder why they don't come out. I suppose she's showing him her latest picture and he'd be silly enough to look at it too.

"The door's opening at last. That truck would pick this time to pass. Why—why he's coming out alone. He's coming this way! If he thinks he can get me to go with him now, he's mistaken. Why I wouldn't go with him if—the doorbell! Oh, my hair; if I only had a mirror!

"Hello, Eddie," (am I nervous!) "Oh, sure, I'd love to go. I'll be ready in a jiffy."

BILL'S FIRST GIRL FRIEND

By Ruth Denzin.

"Say, mother. Did you pack my white trousers? I'll need them if I ask Daisy to go out with me."

We were all excited; we were going to Uncle Andy's farm. He and Aunt Susan had wired us saying that Daisy had arrived, and that they couldn't visit us at this time. We then decided to visit them. Although we all were excited and happy about going, Bill was ten times more excited, because he couldn't wait to see Daisy.

"Gee! I just know she'll be beautiful," sighed Bill as we boarded the train.

Uncle Andy and Aunt Susan met us at the station. Bill looked hungrily about for Daisy, but she was nowhere to be seen. Finally he couldn't control his curiosity any longer, so he asked Uncle Andy rather nonchalantly, "Er—ak—Why didn't your guest come down to the station with you?"

Uncle seemed surprised and said, "Our guest? Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Daisy," Bill blurted out. "You know, you wrote us of her arrival."

"Oh," Uncle Andy said, and laughed. "I'll introduce you as soon as we get to the house."

Bill could hardly wait. We reached the house, and Uncle Andy took us into the backyard. There, standing near a post, was Daisy. But what a strange expression covered Bill's face, for what do you think? Daisy was a cow.

ON EXPECTING MAIL

By June Koepsel

Excitement over the mail depends on whom its from! Watch your sister, Susan, for instance.

It all begins when Susan's boy friend leaves town for a few weeks. You first notice that Susan spends her evenings at home, often reading a book on how to write good letters. Then the mailbox is always open after you have closed it. A few days later the blunt question, "Any mail for me?" confirms your conviction that she must certainly be expecting a letter. To your nonchalant answer a loud exclamation follows, "What! No mail for me!"

You endure it until you wish she had never met the boy. Then one sunny Saturday morning, it comes! Susan dashes to the

door, stumbling over the carpet, upsetting the chair, and breathlessly snatches the wonderful letter from the bewildered postman, only to find it is a penny post-card stating, "Will be home tomorrow. Jack."

HAPPY DAZE

By Emily Mishun

Percival was in a daze. A very dazy-like daze. Shoulders erect, a far-away, dreamy look in his eyes, he strutted home through the chilly night. As he crossed the streets, cars sped around him, too close for human comfort, but—Percival was in a daze.

Fire engines clanged by, sirens screamed, people ran directly before him eager to view the burning house, a scant stone's throw from where Percival was striding, but Percival heeded not.

On the corner of Main Street, a thug crept out from a darkened gangway and in a guttural voice said, "This is a stickup, Pretty Boy. Reach!" But Percival walked on without as much as a flicker of an eyelash or a twitch of a muscle. The thug, completely taken by surprise, muttered, "Am I losing my sock-appeal, or is he loony?" The question was never answered, for Percival walked on and on and on.

Upon entering his house, Percival marched straightway upstairs without the usual, "Good evening, Mater." He didn't even sling his overcoat onto the head of Venus de Milo in the corridor. He didn't even dash into the kitchenette for an "ice-box raid." He didn't even take a "Spicy Story" magazine from the rack; he just walked upstairs, his head level, his feet feeling the way. Once in his room, away from all noise, Percival sat at the dresser, gazed at his reflection, sighed, and whispered in an awed tone, "She kissed me!"

JUST A LITTLE GIRL

By Camille Berthold

Why is it that little girls of six and seven always want to be big? I always felt as though my mother thought I was too little, for every time she went away, the next door neighbor came in to watch me. Yes, she watched me like a hawk until I stopped playing and sat down to wait for mother's return.

But one night it happened! Mother just had to go away and the neighbor wasn't home. Gosh! here was the chance to show mother that I could take care of myself. I spoke up: "Mother, I am a big girl now and not afraid to stay home alone." Finally she agreed somewhat hesitatingly and left the house.

All alone at last, the only mistress of the house. I did everything I could think of: ran through the house, pounded on the piano, got out all my pink fluffy rabbits, red-cheeked dolls, and pretty pictured games, and pulled our stubborn dog out from under the kitchen table. Now I really was enjoying myself, sitting in the middle of the floor, with all my playthings until—Oh! What was that noise?

Did somebody rap? Who could it be? I sneaked around the big oak table, which now looked dark and ghostlike. The swing door between the dining room and kitchen swung open just a little. Oh, is someone in the house already? I called the dog, figuring I would have more courage if he were beside me. Finally I walked through the strange gloomy door into the kitchen. Just when I turned on the light, a loud bam! bam! greeted my ears. I was so frightened that my whole body shook. I tried to get the chain off, but my hands shook so that it sounded like a chain-gang playing a tune. At last I got the door open and asked in a low trembling voice, "Who is it?" "Oh!" the lady upstairs explained, "it was only me trying to get the baby buggy up these narrow stairs." I rushed into the house, locked all the doors, and jumped into bed.

Did I tell my mother this? Oh no, I didn't want any neighbor watching over me.

"THE FEVER THAT COMES IN THE SPRING, TRA LA"

By Lorayne Lippman

"Grumble, grumble, grumble!" Such are the peculiar mutterings that issue forth from

the region of the larynx of a long suffering individual that must bear with the annual spring house-cleaner-upper. Have any of you ever been caught in the tide of industrious cleanings? I don't believe there is a housewife in the country that doesn't get spring fever in the form of house-cleaning.

Have any of you had the disturbing sensation of being forced to wake up, early in the morning, because your mattress simply must be put out in the fresh air? Well, that is only the beginning, my dears, only the beginning. You go thankfully away to school and come home in the afternoon, only to find that "home" isn't there any more. You find instead, a bedlam of carpet whackings, soap suds, and furniture everywhere.

Finally, you spy a much be-toweled and be-aproned mother, off in some obscure corner, cleaning all that accumulated dirt that she insists must be there. When you inquire gently about dinner, you receive a vague response, after which you gather that you had better try to find something yourself. Any appetite you might have acquired during the day automatically vanishes.

Later on, you are thinking what a relief it will be to go to sleep in your nice soft bed. You no sooner think of that, when you are gently informed that your bed and room are being painted, and that you must sleep on the floor for a week or two, just until things get straightened around. Well, you must bear with your mother until the fever subsides and then go back to your own normal way of living.

MAKING MY FIRST WILL

By Marion Kraft

Life was just not worth living anymore! At least not at our house. I simply couldn't stand it anymore. So I decided to run away. Into my suitcase I packed my Sunday dress, my suit, a dozen pairs of stockings, underwear, slips, panties, slacks, shoes, and even my toothbrush and my rubbers. I'd show them! They couldn't boss me around!

Now what to do with the rest of my belongings. I know: I'll make a will! I have no lawyer, but that makes no difference. I'll use my good stationery and my brand new fountain pen, too.

"I, Marian Kraft, hereby state that ten days after my absence is discovered, the following people shall receive the designated articles.

Mother—my eighty-nine cent chiffon hose, and my new spring hat with the accessories.

Dad—my beautiful, colored picture of baby brother, my fountain pen, and my typewriter.

Brother Jack—my prayerbook, my slacks, and my tennis shoes.

Herbie—my tennis racket, three golf balls, and my bicycle frame.

Margie—my stationery, my baby doll, my library, and my bedroom suite.

Betty—my doll buggy, my marbles, my top, and my big rubber ball.

Harry—all my little toys, and my bank with three pennies in it."

Won't they be sorry for their treatment when they see how generous I've been! It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I stole quietly to the pantry for some cookies, doughnuts, sandwiches, and my purse. Mother was speaking to dad:

"I think we'll have Mexican chile for dinner and chocolate pie for dessert."

My favorite dish! I couldn't go now. I went back upstairs, unpacked my suitcase, and tore up the will which I had left on mother's bed.

They really didn't mean what they said, and after all, I suppose I was disobedient. Home isn't such a bad place after all.

SENIOR FRESHIE DAY

By Gladys Reichart

That old saying, "Every dog has his day,"
Came true on Senior Freshie Day.
The seniors had their chance to play,
Just seventeen days before the month of May.

The seniors, dressed like little tots,
Licked candy sticks and lolly-pops.
Short flared skirts above the knees
Were frilly or lacy as you please.

One girl I know, Virginia by name,
In a short green dress, to school she came.
She had a cat as soft as fur,
I bet if you coddled it, it would purr.

Another girl in a short pink dress,
Had a big baby doll her day to bless,
A big pink bow in her curly hair,
Looked as if it had a right to be there.

One little tot—not so little, I guess,
Had a wee note pinned upon her dress.
If she got lost, while following another
You were to return her to her anxious mother.

All other girls would turn and stare
And say—"Gee! Look what's over there."
It isn't every day you get a chance to see
A sophisticated senior with a dress above
her knee.

Senior Freshie Day after four hard years,
In my opinion, deserves three hearty cheers.
I know every girl enjoyed that day,
Just seventeen days before the month of May.

A BREATH-TAKING THRILL

By Gladys Pfeil

Have any of you experienced a real breath-taking thrill? Well, I have. Let me tell you about it

Last summer while up north, I saw and felt one thing I'll never forget. Across the street from my aunt's home there is a large park, much like a forest with its tall and stately white pine trees. Among the pine trees is a small lake called Mirror Lake because of its clear crystal-like water. I was fortunate enough to have my room overlooking the park.

One Sunday morning I awoke quite early and saw a large red-gold ball rising over the lake. When I saw this beautiful scene, I felt that I had to go closer. I looked into the water and saw the sun dancing up and down.

A while later I saw that same gold ball coming through the white pines. The sun hit the white bark of the birch trees and shone brighter than ever.

Walking back to the house I felt I had really had a great experience. I would rather have a thrill like that than any aeroplane ride.

ON ANTICIPATING MAIL

By Marion Schroeder

Did you ever sit on needles and pins waiting for the mailman? Maybe it's an answer to that very important letter that you're waiting for. Surely Aunt Millie would have sent her reply by this time. She couldn't be so cruel as to keep you in suspense as to whether or not you are going to visit her in California this summer. Not Aunt Millie! She is always so prompt in answering letters. Maybe it got lost in the mail? You finally decide that something must be wrong with the service. Oh! Why doesn't that mailman come?

Was that the door bell that rang or was it the telephone? No. You're sure it was the door bell. You fly down the steps, throw open the door, only to find a high-pressure salesman at your unsuspecting doorstep.

"Good morning, Madam."

You think, "Well, at least someone is happy this morning." After he gets through handing out his line, you go upstairs thoroughly dejected and minus twenty-five cents.

By this time you are determined to sit down and read a book and forget that you ever sent Aunt Millie a letter.

"Ronald came up to where Diana was standing. He crushed her in his arms."

Oh! What's the use. That book is sob-stuff. You are certain that Aunt Millie's letter is lost

Just then the bell rings. Once! Twice! Oh, it must be the postman. He always rings twice. You do not want to be disappointed again, so you calm yourself and walk down the stairs in a very lady-like manner. You open the door. No one is in sight. Slowly you turn your head in the direction of the mailbox. Yes, there's a letter. Hurriedly you take it out and hold your breath while you read it.

"Have you 'Halitosis'? Safeguard your health and happiness. Send for your free sample of 'Breath-Lets' today."

Oh dear! You go upstairs utterly depressed but positive that you will receive Aunt Millie's letter in tomorrow's mail.

Posing
Niagara!
Our old pal.
Let's go fishing!

Hurrah for Tech!
Smile awhile
Lonesome?
Pets!

Pals!
Oldtimers
Our athletes!
Climb upon my knee

Why so sober, dear?
Like my doll?
So-o wide
Alike!

Kids!
So sweet
London Bridge
Do you know these?

Watch the birdie.
I'm bashful.
The prof.
Eats

Vamp?
Take aim!
Sittin' pretty
Bound for nowhere!

Stage preparations

Some fun eh!

Our team

Legs!

Sweet.
Swing low
Pretty missy,
Rich in laughter.

Spring in the air
Come double!
Let's eat
Busy?

SEPTEMBER

9—Corridors decorated again—first day of school.

10—Old girls find each other — new ones lose themselves!

11—Lost and Found: One tearful freshie in Miss Dysart's office.

14—Drag! Drag! What is it? Blue Monday? Wrong again—it's the seniors slouching to school in agony!

18—"O maw; kin I have one of them new sweaters?" Just a freshie getting a modern revision

21—Subscribe now! To what? Technata! It's not an infernal machine but the school paper, freshies.

23—Over the top with Technata subscriptions. Congratulations, everybody!

24—Cheer leaders elected. Results: "Tommy" Mishun and Betty Stengel. Hurray!

29—Have you noticed Violet's gold watch? - - - But it isn't hers. I wonder whose it could be?

30—Life is but a drudgery (dream), played in swing time by all students.

OCTOBER

1—Cheers heard from auditorium at 4:00 P. M. Speaker? Oh, no. Just a pep meeting.

2—Student body elects Student Council officers. Results: Chuckie Wagner, Betty Horn, and Norma Seefeldt.

5—Senior Club meets in auditorium

6—Frosh "get acquainted" at 3:10 in gym. What a party!

8 Cotton lecture attended by many girls—some because they wanted to, others, well you know!

9—Elections in homerooms. We all know each other after one whole month!

12—Freshie tryouts in Room 300 with Miss Tiefenthaler. For what? Why, haven't you heard? A play.

16—Miss Dickinson meets with stage crew—boys? Don't be silly.

19—Vote for Roosevelt! Vote for Landon! Vote for Lemke! Vote for Thomas! Nomination speeches ably handled

21—Frosh entertain mothers at annual "At Home." Thanks to Miss Schaefer, Miss E. Meyer, and Mrs. Stanhope.

22—Happy birthday, dear Gladys, and many more

26—Classes make plans for big doings Hallowe'en.

31—Did we win our football game today with West? Oh, yes, with a score of 19-0.

NOVEMBER

2—First Monday in November, also Blue Monday for Toula.

3—The girls have stopped studying already in preparation for Teachers' Convention.

4—Girl Reserve dance; what were the boys doing there?

5—Teachers attend lectures; we stay home??

6—Teachers to school again; I stay in bed!

10—The Purple Sheet is NOT a newspaper, Freshmen. It's the name of our all-school show!

11—Armistice Day—with two grand programs at the same hour.

12—Silk lecture for girls at 12:55. Pity the poor worm. All he gets for his work is—killed!

18—Sold, every seat for Friday night. Laggers will have to come Saturday.

19—Extra, extra, tomorrow Girls' Tech will present "The Purple Sheet."

20—First night of "Purple Sheet": Audience goes wild. So does—

21—Last night of "The Purple Sheet"! Hurray!

24—Senior assembly makes Thanksgiving an event with music.

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O. R. HEINEMANN

RAY UHL

25—Junior assembly celebrates Thanksgiving

26—Mystery: Where did the turkey and so forth disappear?

30—November would have five Mondays!

DECEMBER

1—Only 24 more shopping days until Christmas!

2—December 2, and just $1.50 saved for presents.

3—Seniors get left out for once; Frosh get a private assembly.

4—Did the walls need holding up at the Student Council dance?

5—Snow today, gone tomorrow

7—Sales talks appear. Weak knees are worn by all!

8—How many girls forgot to get an ad for the Technata? Not many!

9—Only 16 more shopping days until Christmas. Have you made out your list?

10—Busy—Wool lecture at 12:55; Commercial Club bunco party at 3:10

14—Christmas carols began in the auditorium today.

15—Christmas shopping after school is a popular sport right now.

17—Violet K. wore snow pants today! Yes, she's a senior

18—Seven more days until Christmas! How about that list?

21—Christmas party for Commercial Club in old gym

22—What, can it be true? Yes, another Girl Reserve dance

23—Homeroom Christmas parties in between assembly programs. Some rush!

25—Merry Christmas! Wasn't Santa grand?

26—What bliss! A vacation with plenty of candy and good books to devour.

30—The end of 1936. New Year resolutions are in order. The line forms to the right. Don't shove!

JANUARY

4—Ninety-one absent! Tsk! Tsk! So you pick Monday to catch up on your sleep.

6—Tommy may be editor of the Ripper, but that doesn't mean that she needs all of the locker room, does it? Have a heart!

7—Miss Newton, where did you get those mesh stockings? We'd like to get a pair.

12—Rest room overcrowded. It couldn't be that there was a test next period, could it?

13—Miss O'Brien convinced the juniors that mental health is a necessity of life.

14—Just like spring outside. Only fifteen below zero!

—Fourteen members on the gum-chewing list already. Starting early.

18—Looks like ski pants are taking the place of skirts. What is this world coming to?

20—Mothers sip tea in teachers' room. Seniors show them our school for the last time.

22—The Athletic Club members staged a party. The ping pong ball was found on the second floor

22—Our harpists display their talents at assembly.

26—Last chance to finish your recipe cards and notebooks

28—Did you see the surprised looks on the girls' faces when they got their report cards?

FEBRUARY

1—All girls but seniors are eligible for the Senior Play. Limited number.

2—It was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. Must be exams.

3—At last we march down the aisle in those dresses we made

4—What teacher had chicken southern style instead of lamb chops at the senior collation? You guess!

5—The janitor was the only one at school today. Oh, that's right! There wasn't any school.

9—Freshies, how do you like the detention room, or don't you?

10—Mrs. Tiernan wants only seniors for the Senior Play.

11—Timid visitors from other schools could hardly be heard. They wore rubber soles.

12—Miss Nowell's English class presented scenes in Lincoln's life. Abe Lincoln, alias Betty Horn.

6—Future Garbos and Shearers are assigned parts in Senior Play. Surprise party for Commercial Club. Grand time—wish you were there!

17—What were the Freshies doing at the Student Council dance? Maybe valentines had something to do with it.

19—"Has anyone seen my keys?" You recognize that, don't you?

22 Washington's Birthday. English VIII girls had a chance to display the new colonial costumes.

23—Wanted: more pianists in the gym during the noon hour.

26 Boys' Tech defeated Marquette High swimming team. 50 to 14. The Frosh motto: All work and no play—so they have another party.

MARCH

1—March enters like the proverbial lamb.

2—The lamb is still frisking. We have warm weather

3—New excuse for not doing homework — Lenten services.

4—With vim and vitality, Mrs. Wagner sets us seniors straight on our vitamins.

5—Junior assembly—ditto.

8—We start having tests. Report cards soon.

9—Miss Webb's English IV's start worrying. Remember autobiographies???

10 Gloom and joy fight for supremacy. P. S. We carried report cards.

11—Just a thought—Did you ever notice Ruth Denzin's blush?

15—Remember the report cards??? We took the bad news home.

16—"Watch the birdie! Smile now!" Another homeroom picture is taken.

17—Girl Reserve dance honors St. Patrick for driving the snakes out of Ireland into our auditorium.

18—Topic for discussion from now on—graduation proofs

19—Why the smiles? No more school for a whole week.

28—Aw, shucks! It's too cold for our spring clothes.

29—Back to school. Eggs for lunch—sure, hard-boiled.

30—What are Helen B. and Ruth D. always doing in the library?

31—We found out. They're looking for books by Edison Marshall.

APRIL

1—The band played **Nola.** That was no April Fool

2—Teachers get advice at Guidance Meeting at 4 P. M.

5—Girls stay at home tonight. Clark Gable's on the radio.

7 The school's in a dancing mood through courtesy of the Student Council.

8—Believe it or not—our first talkie is given in the auditorium. All about health.

9—They can't take it. We hear somebody fainted in the assembly.

11—Hurray! Spring suits blossom forth at last.

12—Start lining up for senior play reservations.

13—We preview **Much Ado About Doris.**

14—The seniors enter second childhood. Lollipops and gingham are taken out of the mothballs again.

16—**Much Ado About Doris**—full house.

17—Last performance—all over but the shouting.

19—Senior mothers' tea — Beautiful table attracts attention. Program in library.

20—Second installment of mothers.

24—Why the epidemic of new permanents? Can it be graduation a month from today?

19—Betty's hair was shorn for her role, and she has to wear it now.

20—Guess whom we saw at the roller rink—Emily Habernig, Louise Kobida, Mildred Wessel, and Helen Binning.

21—Bernice goes out riding just to hear that radio! Oh, yeah?

22—Shakespeare has a birthday celebration. We enjoy **The Taming of the Shrew.**

23—Today, too, but the junior assembly sees **A Midsummer Night's Dream.**

26—Blue Monday wasn't blue this time. We all stayed home to hear Robert Taylor on the radio.

27—Seniors start working on graduation dresses.

28—Sophs and juniors are at home today—Momma's too. State Teachers' College Band honors us with an exceptional program. Weren't you glad you were a senior and could hear it?

29—Topic of hall conversation: Mr. Zweigler's splendid trumpet solo in yesterday's band concert; also his original composition.

30—Everybody is awake today. It's Friday!

MAY

3—Music, music everywhere. National Music Week.

5—Boys in school? Don't worry, girls, it's only a Student Council dance.

7—Mystery?? Why does Helen carry a red comb in her purse?

10—National Honor winners have dinner at Elks' Club; guests of S. T. C.

11—Subscriptions being taken for Ripper. Come on, girls, where's your school spirit?

13—Detectives hot on the trail of the mystery surrounding Helen.

14—All-city high school Music Festival at Auditorium. We perform in band, orchestra, and chorus.

17—National Honor Society pins are awarded in assembly. President Silas Evans of Ripon College speaks.

18—Social Center players use our auditorium to give Shakespearean tabloids.

25—Puzzle, puzzle. Helen's sister and Milared are also seen with a red comb.

27—We look forward to Memorial Day with music by the orchestra.

28—Graduation dresses are being finished. No one wants to sew in hot weather.

31—Let the alarm clocks ring, girls. No school today, because Memorial Day fell on Sunday!

JUNE

1—Twenty-three more days to study.

3—The talented actresses of our Dramatic Club present **Nothing But the Truth.**

4—Helen seen giving red comb to Dorothy.

10—Are those angels singing? No, it's only the A Capella's in assembly.

14—More and more girls seen with red combs.

15—Last graduation dresses being finished. Hurry!

17—Detectives capture Helen to find out why everyone is carrying red combs.

18—Sharpen your pencils and buy plenty of paper, girls.

21—Woe is me! Why didn't we start studying early?

22 Look out! Don't fall. Walk a little slower. Graduates rehearse, for practice makes perfect.

23—Mystery solved; Helen confesses. They carry red combs to comb their hair. Good work, you sleuths!

24—Lovely visions in pastel colors float across the stage. Commencement has arrived!

25—Honor day. Emblems awarded for activities. Last day of school. — New alumnae attended collation and dance.

28—Jobs, beware! Our new alumnae are out to get you.

IN APPRECIATION

A distinctive privilege and extreme pleasure have been ours in having had the production of this book. We gave more than craftsmanship of printing, and the fulfillment of a contract. A deeper regard guided us . . . We became as a fellow part of the school and the student body, entering into the spirit of the book's purpose and its contents and so lending our inspired loyalty to its every detail of issuance. And in that degree of appreciation to the staff, the graduate and undergraduate, and to your school, we wish continued success. The Fowle Printing Company, 524 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis.

EXPRESSION of APPRECIATION

to

The Faculty

The Stage Crew

Mr. O. R. Heinemann, Photographer

Mr. George Warren, of Fowle Printing Co.

Mr. Charles G. Reigner for the poem "We Give Thee Thanks" used in the Faculty Section. (Rowe Publishing Co.)

Our Advertisers

Our Good Janitors:

Mr. Boening

Mr. Ehlenbeck

And all who contributed to the success of our 1937 Reflector

Dear Dorothy

May success and happiness be yours, and may you always remember the girl who rode on the street car with you.

Another 'cop's daughter

Grace Popper

Keep ambitious
Virginia Frederick

Lots of luck
Aileen Vansburg

"Lots of luck
to a nice girl"
Chris Neth
Study 11:20

I'd like to write
unknown, but I'll like your
to know who I am.

Yours sincerely,
Louis Fischer

Good luck
and
Best wishes.
Louise Fischer